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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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THE THEATRE

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ETHEL BARRYMORE AND E. HENRY EDWARDS IN "TANTE" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

White Francis K. Lieb Ann Swinburne Josephine Whittell Edmund Mulcahy

Act II—Seraphina (Miss Swinburne) disguises herself as a harlequin

SCENE IN "THE MADCAP DUCHESS" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

THE NEW PLAYS

EMPIRE. "TANTE." Comedy in four acts by C. Haddon Chambers, founded on Anne Douglas Sedgwick's novel. Produced on October 28th with this cast:

Madame Okraska.....Ethel Barrymore	Mrs. Talcott.....Lizzie Hudson Collier
Gregory Jardine.....Charles Cherry	Mrs. Forrester.....Mabel Archdall
Franz Lippheim.....William Ingersoll	Mrs. Scrotton.....Haidee Wright
Claude Drew.....E. Henry Edwards	Vickers .....Frank McCoy
Karen Woodruff.....Eileen Van Biene	Maid .....Frances Landy

Whether or not "Tante" is a true excerpt from the pages of the novel of that name has nothing to do with the case. The great majority of the people who will go to see Ethel Barrymore in her new medium have probably never read Anne Douglas Sedgwick's book, on which Mr. C. Haddon Chambers has founded his newest play. It is not necessary, therefore, to inquire minutely into the resemblance between story and drama. What the great public wants to find out is whether the English playwright gives them a fable with real living personages, bright dialogue and situations that carry human convictions. This Mr. Chambers has most certainly done.

Mr. Chambers is the author of "The Tyranny of Tears," just withdrawn after a successful revival at this same theatre. Recognized as one of the best of modern comedies, it was no small feather in his cap to follow it up with such a brilliant success as "Tante" is universally recognized to be; and this, too, in face of the fact that Madame Okraska is in no sense of the word a sympathetic rôle. On the contrary, she is a splendidly drawn type of the artistic genius, so wrapped up in herself that her selfishness has become a perfect obsession. Unless supreme adulation is paid her, she is rude and intolerant. She feeds upon the constant and cloying praise of ill-balanced sycophants. Every one must be sacrificed if need be that her whims and vagaries be observed. Not the style of part in which Miss Barrymore's host of admirers are accustomed to see her reveal her art. But it is such a splendid acting rôle, so admirably conceived and drawn, so varied in detail, and withal so truly human, that she rises to it with all the enthusiasm of a genuine artist, and gives one of the most brilliant and fascinating performances of her histrionic career.

Mme. Okraska's ward, Karen Woodruff, has become engaged to Gregory Jardine. The match is not favored, as Jardine sees through the Madame and refuses to bow at her shrine. The wedding occurs, however, and the Okraska's aim in life thereafter is to separate husband and wife. This she brings about. Her happiness is apparently supreme, but Claude Drew, a fleshly poet, one of her admirers, carries on a desperate flirtation with the young wife. The demon jealousy is aroused and the gifted lady drives her ward from her house, quarrels with her most devoted poet, and makes herself generally miserable. But husband and wife come together. Okraska sees the inevitable and says she will die game. She seats herself at the piano and plays Beethoven with all the feeling she can command. Husband and wife are leaving hand in hand, but under the spell of her genius they seat themselves to hear it out. Madame Okraska, though defeated, still triumphs by her art.

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Memorial window to Richard Mansfield, erected by his widow in the Little Church Around the Corner. Executed in the Lamb Studios

It is a nice, blunt, manly Englishman that Charles Cherry presents as Jardine, while the ward is played with emotional discretion by Eileen Van Biene. As the poet, E. Henry Edwards acts with distinction, and William Ingersoll, as a kindly German musician, plays with wholesome unction. Lizzie Hudson Collier, as Okraska's companion, the one woman in the world who sees through and thoroughly understands her patron's whims, is simply delicious; nor one whit behind in perfect professional finish and humor is Haidee Wright as Miss Scrotton. The scene between Miss Barrymore and Miss Wright, in which they part after a quarrel, with the most punctilious politeness, is one of the best-written and best-acted scenes the modern stage has heard or witnessed in years.

LITTLE. "PRUNELLA, OR LOVE IN A GARDEN." Fantasy in three acts by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker. Music by Joseph Moorat. Produced October 27th with this cast:

Prunella, Marguerite Clark; Prim, Marie Hudspeth; Prude, Cecilia Radclyffe; Privacy, Winifred Fraser; Queer, Ada St. Claire; Quaint, Mrs. Kate de Becker; Head Gardener, Luke Martin; Second Gardener, Edwin Cushman; Third Gardener, William Eville; Garden Boy, Master Albert James; Pierrot, Ernest Glendinning; Scaramel, Reginald Barlow; Hawk, Griffith Lusky; Kennel, Raymond Lockwood; Callow, Paul Gordon; Mouth, Theodor Von Eltz; Doll, Lorraine Huling; Romp, Becky Gardiner; Tawdry, Nennelle Foster; Coquette, Kathleen Comegys; Tenor, George Odell; Love, Leslie Palmer.

Winthrop Ames has had such a high appreciation of the theatrical intelligence of this metropolis that should it turn out to be misplaced it would be more than a pity, it would be a calamity. New York needs more managers of his intellectual capacity. There is a certain following here that likes the high and noble in dramatic achievement, and with no exception it should rally to his banner. It is a particularly pleasing and poetical offering which at present makes up the program at the Little Theatre, "Prunella, or Love in a Garden," a fantasy in three acts by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker. Housman is undoubtedly the principal author, with Granville Barker as a practical stage contributor. Nor is the musical accompaniment by Joseph Moorat one of the lesser features of this very gracious and charming entertainment.

It is the simplest of the simple little stories that these two authors have set out to tell. The action all takes place in a garden, an English one, with its beautiful landscape as a backdrop, its well-trained hedges and its quaint little picturesque farmhouse of the early nineteenth century. Here it is that Prunella lives under the watchful care of her three maiden aunts, Prim, Pride and Privacy, for their sister, the mother of Prunella, had eloped with the French landscape gardener, who had laid out the grounds and incidentally sculptured the fountain with its life-size figure of Cupid. Into this little retreat, so far removed from the bustle of the world, with Prunella a virtual captive, comes a troupe of mummers, each emblematic of some spirit of folly of the age. Pierrot paints to her the world as it really is, woos her with lurid song and fervent poetry, and with the aid of his associates carries her away. Three years elapse. Prunella and Pierrot have been married, but the man has tired and wandered from the marriage fold, only to learn how futile is that happiness where true love is not present. When he returns, Prunella has disappeared. That happiness may be found where his first real passion was awakened, Pierrot hires the old cottage in the garden, now fallen into decay. Hither he and his worldly companions, all showing the ravages of selfish surcease, return, only to find that it is all very different. In metaphorical rags, Prunella also comes to her old home. She is scurvily treated by her former companions, the mummers, who fail to recognize her, and in an outburst of passion she apostrophizes the statue:

Oh, yes; you—you must remember me,
For it was you! It was you!
Why did you speak?
Had you no pity for a heart so weak
As mine? Nay, love, what made you do this wrong?
You spoke and all the world became a song,
And all my heart a bird that heard its mate
Calling and crying to it disconsolate,
Bidding me come!
Say you remember me!

Love shows her how her happiness may be found, and after an interview with Pierrot tells him what he has lost through selfish vanity. Then by the aid of a scene of true poetical grace and charming fancy the lovers are reunited.

The fable is a pretty one throughout, illumined by much worldly wisdom and philosophical truth. It is not great verse which Mr. Housman has written, but it is fluent and simple, and the symbolism is always intelligible and ripe and effective in its application.

For one so young, it is a really notable achievement that Ernest Glendinning accomplishes as Pierrot. His reading is beautifully varied and instinct with the spirit of real lyric charm. His pantomime, too, is potently plastic and expressive.

In the opening scenes of demure and innocent youth, Miss Marguerite Clark was at her best. The emotional depths of the closing incident eluded her. Reginald Barlow as Scaramel, the impishly sardonic servant, was thoroughly effective, and there was sympathetic sweetness in the impersonations of Prunella's puritanical maiden aunts. The various quaint and old servants were happily limned, and there was real differentiation in the players who pictured the motley crew of mummers. Refined appreciation of poetical significance was displayed in every phase of the production.

White Milton Sills Helen Freeman
Act II—Annie steals her father's forged check from the district attorney's office
SCENE IN ROLAND B. MOLINEUX'S DRAMA, "THE MAN INSIDE," AT THE CRITERION

WALLACK'S. "THE SECOND IN COMMAND." Comedy in four acts by Robert Marshall. Produced on November 3d with this cast:

Col. Anstruther.....Montagu Love
Major Bingham.....Cyril Maude
Lieut. Mannering...Edward Combermere
Lieut. Peter Barker.....Jack Hobbs
Medenham .....John Harwood
Hartopp .....R. P. Young
Sergeant .....David Hallam
Corporal .....Stanley H. Groome
Orderly .....Arthur Henton
Mr. Fenwick.....Hunter Neshitt
Hildebrand Carstairs.....Arthur Curtis
The Duke of Hull.....James Dale

Frequently actors are poor judges of their greatest achievements. If they like a rôle they are very prone to regard it as their best. Then, too, in the selection, superstition often plays a prominent part. In London, Cyril Maude made one of his biggest popular artistic and financial successes in the leading character in "The Second in Command," the four-act comedy by the late Captain Marshall, which John Drew presented a considerable number of years ago at the Empire Theatre. For this sentimental reason it is said that the English actor insisted upon making his metropolitan début as the genuine, blundering, misunderstood Major Christopher Bingham. It was in many ways an unfortunate selection. Original impressions are so vital. In the first place, "The Second in Command" was never a very good play; it possessed good characterization and bright dialogue, but its motive and treatment were never big enough for lasting endurance. It presents a phase of ephemeral success that withers under the lapse of time. It has aged to the point of being old-fashioned.

ADONI FOVIERI
Recently seen in "Children of To-day"

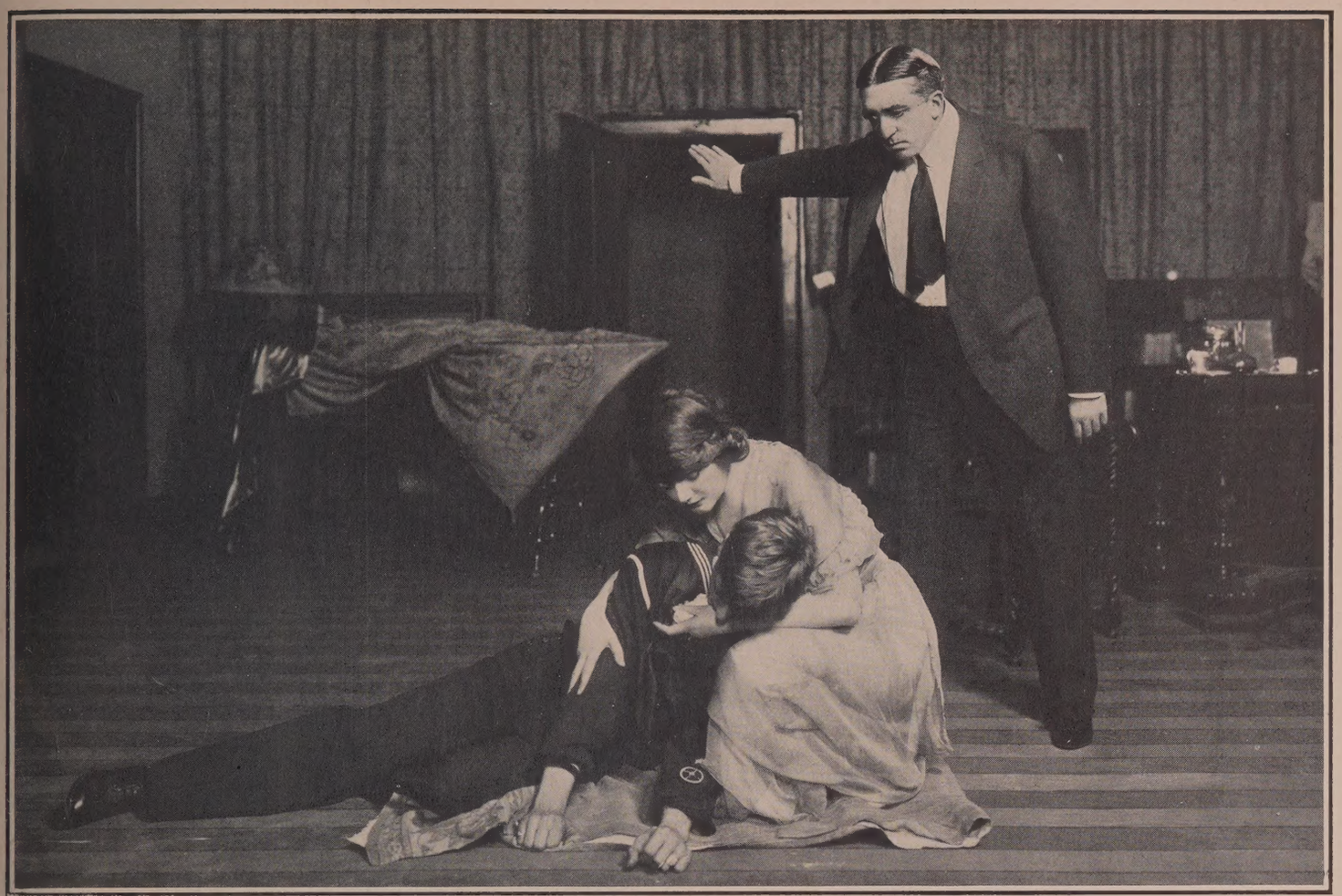
But in spite of this drawback, there was no gainsaying the warmth of the New York welcome that went out to Mr. Maude on his opening night. Whatever may be said against local audiences, they are very keen and discriminating; they do appreciate skill and intelligence in spite of the poverty of the medium. So it was that hearty and discriminating applause marked the every development of Mr. Maude's interpretation of Major Kit. He showed himself at every point a resourceful, sound, polished and agreeable actor, with a comprehensive technic, a winning personality and a commanding sense of gentle pathos. All these elements were embodied in his impersonation to a fully satisfying degree. But to determine the full breadth, scope and depth of his art, Mr. Maude must be seen in other rôles. Fortunately, his stay here is not to be too brief, and so the opportunity will soon come, especially as his repertoire is to have an addition in a new version of the immortal "Vicar of Wakefield." The supporting company is a most capable one, and the leading lady, Miss Margery Maude, has a most pleasing and youthful personality.

COMEDY. "THE MARRIAGE GAME." Comedy in three acts by Anne Crawford Flexner. Produced on October 29th with this cast:

Jenks, Fred Mosley; Assistant Steward, Walter Grey; Sailor, Robert Graves; Nevil Ingraham, Orrin Johnson; Tom Updegraff, Charles Trobridge; Charlie Frost, William Sampson; Mrs. Frost, Josephine Lovett; Racie Updegraff, Vivian Martin; Mrs. Packard, Allison Skipworth; Jim Packard, George W. Howard; Mrs. Oliver, Alexandra Carlisle.

Anne Crawford Flexner, of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," shows such a dexterity in her new play, "The Marriage Game," in handling delicate situations and in getting her people to utter lines that sparkle or amuse, that her facility promises much and better after a little. "The Marriage Game" is entertaining and invites laughter and applause, but, frankly, we think her central idea needs modification. A widow of the continental type, pleasure-loving and unconventional, finds herself on the yacht of a bachelor with three married women and their husbands, having been brought there by the mistake of one of the husbands, who misunderstood the terms of the invitation. She is a stranger to all but her companion, who had made the mistake, and the awkward situation had to be composed in such a way that her presence was explained and the circumstances concealed. The bachelor owner of the yacht intends to put her off

White Harry Harwood A. G. Andrews Oliver Doud Byron W. G. Fay Arnold Daly
Act II—Dr. O'Grady (Mr. Daly): "Do you mean to tell me that you let that fellow out of town?"
SCENE IN GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM'S COMEDY, "GENERAL JOHN REGAN," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE



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Creighton Hale Martha Hedman John Mason

Act III—Katherine (Miss Hedman): "He's only a little boy—only a little boy"

SCENE IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS' DRAMA, "INDIAN SUMMER," RECENTLY AT THE FULTON THEATRE

at New London, on the Sound, the next morning. It was the only way to avoid all kinds of uncomfortable complications. Under the name of Mrs. Oliver she is welcomed by the wives, who presently grow uneasy under the attention which she receives from all the husbands. She is so gracious, so refined, so bright, so charming, that the displeasure of the wives increases and suspicion begins, the suspicion of her character being confirmed by the discovery of some of her belongings in a valise which has been placed in the cabin occupied by one of the wives and her husband. There is considerable suspense concerning the whereabouts of this valise. The discovery of her character being made, there are lively recriminations, and the woman is put upon her defense. The married people have quarrels, and the woman is sought to be made as uncomfortable as possible. She defends herself with much epigram and with what appears to be wisdom in her lessons to the wives. When she leaves the next morning the women are better wives, peace has been restored, and the bachelor owner of the yacht parts with the woman with assurances of more than esteem. This outline of the play does not suggest the comedy of it with any fullness, but apart from the inconsistency of Mrs. Oliver's wisdom with her character and conduct, the play is eminently diverting. There are many laments in it that explain this. The widow could be nothing but charming when played by Alexandra Carlisle. Mr. Sampson, as a henpecked husband smitten with the widow, is exceedingly funny, as he always is. Josephine Lovett is the henpecking wife. Miss Allison Skipworth is the wife of a meek husband who knows how to endure. Mr. Orrin Johnson, as the bachelor owner of the yacht, was diplomatic and affable. The lines of the play are particularly bright, and, on the whole, the comedy is remarkable for its success based on such doubtful premises.

HUDSON. "GENERAL JOHN REGAN." Comedy in three acts by George A. Birmingham. Produced on November 10th with this cast:

Dr. Lucius O'Grady.....Arnold Daly	Constable Moriarty.....John M. O'Brien
Timothy Doyle.....Harry Harwood	Tom Kerrigan.....J. Rice Cassidy
Major Kent.....A. G. Andrews	Rev. Father McCormack..Oliver D. Byron
Thaddeus Colligher.....W. G. Fay	Lord Alfred Blakeney.....Lionel Pape
Horace P. Billing.....Frederick Burton	Mrs. De Courcy.....Alice O'Dea
C. Gregg.....Frank Arundel	Mrs. Gregg.....Jessie Abott
Sergt. Colgan, R. I. C...Richard Sullivan	Mary Ellen.....Maire O'Neill

Purely farcical in theme and treatment, "General John Regan," at the Hudson, is at the same time a very neat comedy. Anyway, it is a genuinely delicious entertainment, and acted with a skill and nicety that brings out to the full "George A. Birmingham's" (he is the Rev. Canon Hannay, Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin) dextrous delineation of a certain phase of Irish character. It is perfectly evident that the Dean knows his subject well. His types are undoubtedly true to life, and are more understandable to the American public than those presented in the works of Synge, Yeats and Lady Gregory. He is none the less appreciative of his native people, and depicts their foibles, weaknesses, prejudices, as well as their good qualities, with a witty and sympathetic pen. The character drawing is admirable in its differentiated values, and the dialogue fairly corruscates with Hibernian humor and oddity. There is form, too, to the farce; while this occasion shows that entertainment can get over without the aid of a love interest.

A rich American, Horace P. Billing, visits Ballyway, which he finds such a dead and alive spot that he resolves to wake it up. He invents a Gen. John Regan, saviour of Bolivia, whom he declares was born in Ballyway, says he is writing his history, and wants pictures and data of the General's early childhood, etc. The natives are naturally non-plussed, but a voluble and resourceful young doctor, Lucius O'Grady, scenting something good for the town, spiritedly enters into the idea, makes up a birthplace and later home for the myth, and then declares the citizens are about to raise a statue to the General's memory. A local committee is formed for the purpose, and when it meets to decide upon details and ways and means, a really perfect comedy

scene is provided. A left-over mortuary design from Dublin is erected, and all is ready for the unveiling. But the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who is to "pull the string," finding no record of Gen. Regan, fails to turn up, and sends his secretary to demand an explanation. With his inventive genius, O'Grady triumphs over all obstacles, and the American, so pleased with his skill, becomes a liberal patron of the town.

Arnold Daly was the O'Grady whose invention was only equalled by his volubility. He was spiritedly humorous and attractive. As the shrewd, hard-headed landlord, Doyle, Harry Harwood was splendidly droll, while as a fiery Nationalist editor, Colligher, always wanting to make a speech on Ireland's wrong, W. G. Fay contributed a genuine creation. A conservative local magnate was thoughtfully portrayed by A. G. Andrews, while that sterling veteran, Oliver Dowd Byron, was genially gullible as a Parish priest. Frederick Burton was fairly characteristic as the American, while the stolidity and density of the Lord Lieutenant's secretary were most amusingly portrayed by Lionel Pape. Maire O'Neill, as a dull, slatternly servant, was quite in the picture.

GLOBE. "THE MADCAP DUCHESS." Comic opera in two acts; music by Victor Herbert; book and lyrics by David Stevens and Justin Huntly McCarthy. Produced on November 11th with this cast:

Renaud	Glenn Hall	Adam	Herbert Ayling
Vidame de Bethune	Russell Powell	Panache	Herman Holland
M. de Secherat	Gilbert Clayton	Stephanie	Josephine Whittell
Master Hardi	Robert Pitkin	Gillette	Peggy Wood
Louis XV	Percy Helton	Seraphina	Ann Swinburne
Philip of Orleans	Francis K. Lieb	Spavento	Mario Rogati
Watteau	David Andrada	Tartaglia	Alexander Gibson
Duc de Pontsable	Edmund Mulcahy	Coraline	Virginia Carewe-Carvel
Canillac	Henry Vincent	Zerbine	Virginia Allen

"The Madcap Duchess" is more of an opera comique than a comic opera. This is not a distinction without a difference. The French description means something of a higher kind than that which a mere translation of the words would convey. If there is a public, therefore, which cares for a romantic love story, placed in a romantic period, with capable singers to interpret an admirable score, then they will find what they want at the Globe Theatre. For the music which runs through "The Madcap Duchess" is, in his lighter vein, Victor Herbert at his best. Like all composers who turn scores out, almost while you wait, Herbert occasionally nods. Not so in the present instance. Here is continuous melody; occasionally he borrows a few bars from himself, but then his orchestration is so richly opulent that the effect is one of novelty. He has the capacity, too, to impart wit and whimsicality to his comic numbers, grand opera-like qualities to his arias and the true sensuous lilt to his love songs. All these characteristics are represented in his most recent score, and splendidly rendered are they, for Herbert will often sacrifice pulchritude for tonal plenty and precision.

The fable is founded upon a story by Justin Huntly McCarthy, with France during the regency of Louis XV as a background. Conventional as much of it is, the heroine being forced to resort to numerous disguises to persuade a certain nobleman that he really loves her, there is still picturesque movement and romantic surprise in many of its scenes. The comedy is somewhat tenuous, but it is strictly legitimate, and David Stevens, who supplied both book and lyrics, is to be congratulated on his discretion, skill and taste. The production is an elaborate one—they must all be such these days—and is graphically staged under the capable direction of Fred. G. Latham.

Ann Swinburne is the heroine, who dons breeches, fights a duel, appears as an actress with a company of players, and finally returns to her original state in life, when all the difficulties which beset true love have been brushed aside. It is an impersonation of dash and charm. Miss Swinburne not only sings well, but is an actress of real distinction. Glenn Hall, as Renaud, who strays, only to later find where his heart truly is set, is an accomplished singer, with a tenor voice of great beauty. As Master Hardi, the chief mummer, Harry McDonough is legitimately funny, and Master Percy Helton acts with distinctive dignity as the King.

CRITERION. "INDIAN SUMMER." Drama in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced on October 27th with this cast:

Frank Whitney	John Mason	Forrest Grahame	Warner P. Richmond
Jim Ewing	Harry Leighton	Katherine	Martha Hedman
Leonie	Mary Norton	Jane Boutell	Amelia Gardner
Doctor Allison	Walter Hale	Jack Boutell	Creighton Hale
Randall	Wright Kramer	Chauffeur	Donald Clayton
Mrs. Mary Harvey	Maud Hosford	Detective	Carroll Barry

White — Heinrick Wagner (Gus Weinberg) — Emma Wagner (Alice Gale) — Frederick Wagner (Edwin Arden) — Lily Wagner (Emily Stevens)

Act II—Frederick coaxes Lily to remain at home, but she refuses

SCENE IN "TO-DAY" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE

Mishkin

ELSIE FERGUSON

Now appearing in "The Strange Woman" at the Lyceum

This play is not wholly satisfactory. Just as the qualities of Mr. Thomas appeal, in spite of the inadequacy of the play, so do the personality and art of John Mason attract, apart from the play. We would not describe the play as a failure, only as unsatisfactory. The title refers to that age in a man when his passions are supposed to have subsided and when yet he has not reached that period of life in which opportunities for the exercise of all the faculties that belong to manhood has passed. What he has missed in his youth now he can find in his Indian Summer. He is an artist, a painter of distinction, and, after a long residence in Paris, he is now living with a fellow artist in a bungalow on Long Island. He is painting the portrait of a girl with whom he has fallen in love. She is the daughter of a widow living nearby. She is much younger than he is, for he had been the friend of her father years before in Paris. So much of a friend had he been that when his friend, the father of the girl and a preacher, had gone wrong in an affair with a girl, he assumed the paternity of a child, a boy, in order to save his reputation. This boy, now grown and in the United States Navy, has killed a man for seducing his mother. He feels the injustice of his position, and comes to kill his supposed father. There are some exciting scenes, the boy finally being shot by the officers of the law in pursuit of him. In the end the artist marries the girl, his innocence and self-sacrifice having been divulged. Miss Martha Hedman, without a great deal to do, and in view of her lack of active opportunities, was remarkable in her quiet way. We count her performance among the delightful things in the play which save it from entire failure. Mr. John Mason is always authoritative and impressive. His personality and his art are worth the while.

BOOTH. "The Great Adventure." Play in four acts by Arnold Bennett. Produced on October 16th with this cast:

Ilam Carve.....Lyn Harding	Honoria Looe.....Roxane Barton
Albert Shawn.....Edward Martyn	Peter Horning.....Lionel Belmore
Dr. Pascoe.....T. W. Percyval	Ebag.....Edgar Kent
Edward Horning.....Walter Maxwell	James Shawn.....Cyril Biddulph
Janet Cannot.....Janet Beecher	John Shawn.....Erskholme Clive
Cyrus Carve.....Frank Goldsmith	Mrs. Shawn.....Ina Rorke
Father Looe.....Rupert Lumley	Lord Alcar.....Walter Creighton

Mr. Ames has produced "The Great Adventure" with a completeness in detail that exemplifies his standard. No improvement could be made in his choice of the performers. If the play fails to satisfy completely, it is the fault of the play itself and of its author, Arnold Bennett, who regards lightly the limitations of the drama, and is blindly convinced that his dramatic methods are new and right. The result is that the play, while it retains all that made his book so popular in its verbal expression, as also in incident and character and quaintness of idea, lacks something in the professional dramatic touch. We will not discuss his methods here, for the play has qualities that inexpertness in playwriting cannot destroy. It is not altogether a symptom of inexpert writing that he should have two set scenes in each of the four acts, but whether it was necessary or not the use of a legend occasionally between those two scenes interpreted in letters of electric light is awkward. Perhaps there is some English satire in the idea of the play which is not fully conveyed to an American audience. However, there is enough in the quaintness of the idea, impossible as it is, to excite and sustain interest. The story of the artist who has to die to become really famous is too well known to need repetition here. The artist was played by Lyn Harding, the wife by Janet Beecher. No better choice for these parts could have been made. The character assigned to Miss Beecher is sane and reasonable, and, consequently, agreeably interesting; the artist, played by Mr. Harding, is so eccentric and so unreasonable, although played with artistic reserve, that we cannot accept him as possible.

CRITERION. "The Man Inside." Drama in three acts by Roland Burnham Molineux. Produced on November 11th with the following cast:

James Poor.....Charles Dalton	Wang Lee.....J. J. Chaillee
Richard Gordon.....Milton Sills	Chong Fong.....H. H. McCollum
"Red" Mike.....A. E. Anson	"The Major".....Herbert Jones
"Big" Frank.....Edward H. Robins	Murphy.....Karl Ritter
"Pop" Olds.....John Cope	Raleigh.....Chas. B. Givan
Josh Hayes.....J. E. Miltern	"Frisco" George.....Joseph Barker
Larry.....Joseph Byron Totten	"Monk" Verdi.....J. A. Esposito
"Whispering" Riley....Lawrence Woods	Annie.....Helen Freeman
Cafferty.....Erroll Dunbar	Maggie.....Clare Weldon
Clusky.....Jerome Kennedy	Lizzie.....Gertrude Davis

Here is a play that has depth, which studies crime and its characters close at hand, and prepares you for the feeling that criminals are human beings, open to reformation. The dominant idea of the play is not so much crime as the treatment of crime and the possibilities of stemming the tide of crime. Think what we may of the philosophy of the author, the impression remains of absolute sincerity. There are many impressions left which do not admit of refutation. One of these is as to the cruel impulses and practices of the District Attorney's office. The character of Jim Poor is played in such a masterly and natural manner by Charles Dalton that the verisimilitude of it makes it a living, incontrovertable figure. Josh Hayes, acted by John Miltern, is a second-story man, whose description of the fascinations of burglary is an amazing illumination of the spirit of crime. The play is not without its comedy. Old Pop Olds, played by John Cope, is so deliciously droll that what he stands for seems almost harmless. Old Pop is such an inefficient old fakir, playing the blind man for pennies, dyeing sparrows to sell them for canary birds, and contriving so many devices for the maintenance of himself, once a lusty person and now far gone in age, that he serves for the purpose of amusement without a protest from the audience. The story is that Red Mike (A. E. Anson) and Big Frank (Edward H. Robins) have committed a forgery and are being sought by the officers. Richard Gordon (Milton Sills), a young Assistant District Attorney, believing that methods of prosecution and

punishment are wrong, is studying the causes of crime. Secretly he goes to the opium den, where thieves congregate. The two forgers come in, and presently Red Mike's daughter rushes in and announces that the "bulls" are after them. The officers break in and arrest them. Gordon's presence is discovered by the thieves. They let him go when he tells why he is there, and on his promise to Annie (Helen Freeman) to help her father in every way he can, on her declaration that he is innocent. Annie is advised by the thieves to "throw her lamp on him." Annie believes that Gordon is in love with her. She abstracts the forged note from the papers in the office and swallows it when about to be discovered. Gordon does not know of this at the time, but he is suspected by the office and followed. Annie has been released from the House of Detention, and Red Mike, her father, and big Frank, whom she is to marry, come to Annie's flat. They are all about to flee. Gordon comes to her and discovers that she has destroyed the evidence, the note. She is amazed to learn that Gordon was not in love with her. She is so impressed by Gordon's declaration that he is going to tell the truth to the District Attorney and take the consequences that she takes Gordon's view as to "The Man Inside," the cause of crime, and gets Big Frank to accept that view. Big Frank, now under arrest, is to serve twelve years in prison, counting the time taken off for good behavior, and is to find Annie waiting for him.

The play is so compact with happenings and ideas that this brief account does not entirely cover (*Continued on page x*)

The Romance of Peggy O'Neil

WHEN Oliver Morosco, the manager of "Peg o' My Heart," made it known through the newspapers recently that he was in search of a talented, ambitious young girl whom he would make his protégée and develop into a star, his offices were literally besieged. Girls came in droves from every point of the compass—no less than four hundred of them in all! Four hundred young girls—most of them pretty, some with talent, and from them all the manager, with a practiced eye, picked out a little, nineteen-year-old, winsome slip of a girl, with great, wondering, Irish eyes, coal-black hair, a mouth like the bud of a Killarney rose, and a wistful little pointed chin. He knew at once that he had picked a winner. Her name was Peggy O'Neil.

Moffett PEGGY O'NEIL

The qualifications Mr. Morosco had insisted upon were youth, good looks, intelligence, ambition, together with a moderate amount of talent. Previous stage success was unnecessary. With these, the girl chosen was to place herself entirely under the training of Morosco, with the promise to follow implicitly any course of study that he might set down. The "apprenticeship" was to last three years, at the end of which she would find herself a full-fledged star! No wonder there were as many as four hundred applicants, lured from every part of the big town! With Morosco it was the working out of a pet theory—namely, that he could train any young girl of moderate ability to be a star.

Since Peggy O'Neil had already appeared on the stage in musical comedy, and had played one or two small parts in stock, the maker of stars decided to try her at the head of a new "Peg o' My Heart" company which was then being organized to go on tour. Little did he know, however, that he was choosing for the chief rôle of that delightful comedy not only a clever little actress, but a real Peg, whose short life, in which happiness and misery had been rapidly chasing each other, was an absolute embodiment of Mr. Manners' fictional character.

For that matter, neither did Peggy O'Neil. She knew Peggy O'Neil's life, but at that particular time she did not know Peg o' My Heart's. When she read the play and gathered the situations at her first rehearsal, she laughed, then she cried, then she laughed again. When they asked why the play girl had moved her so completely, she replied, "Because Peg is real, that's all."

"So some one has been telling you that? Imposing on your youthful credulity?" Stage Manager Grey was quite angry.

"Not at all," said Peggy O'Neil, simply. "I myself am Peg." Then she told them her story.

Her father, she said, was a splendid type of Irishman, who, like Peg o' My Heart's, could do anything in the world but make money. Her mother had been a lovely Enlish girl, who had shocked her semi-aristocratic family by running away and marrying her fine young Irishman. But they snapped their fingers and laughed at Grim Care, and a year later baby Peg was born at Kildare. Shortly afterwards the little family came to America and made their home in Buffalo, where Peg's father was employed by the New York Central Railroad as constructing engineer and electrician. All went well until one black day when the father went to work and never returned. He was on a construction train that had keeled over to the bottom of a thirty-foot embankment.

After the funeral it was found that he had bet their house upon the last Presidential election, and his candidate didn't win! When little Peg was thirteen, her mother, who had been struggling to make a living for the two, quietly closed her eyes and passed away.

There was nothing else for Peg to do but go to her aunts, who tried to be good to her in their snobbish, condescending way, and to remodel her after the fashion they thought was proper and correct. But Peg was Irish. She stole away one day on her way to High School and went to San Francisco as a dancer with a musical show. Last year she turned for a living to dressmaking, and opened a tiny shop on West Forty-eighth Street. To-day there is a "To Let" sign in the little shop, while the proprietress is receiving the ovations of audiences all over the country.

Such has been the life of this real little Peg o' My Heart, which for her has only just begun.

White PEGGY O'NEIL AS PEG O' MY HEART

Vivian Martin and Orrin Johnson in Act I

Josephine Lovett Allison Skipworth Vivian Martin Alexandra Carlisle

Act II—Mrs. Frost (Josephine Lovett): "We cannot go on shore and leave our husbands with that other woman"

Photos White

Charles Trobridge Vivian Martin Orrin Johnson

Act III—Nevil (Mr. Johnson): "In the old days in Zulich——"

ALEXANDRA CARLISLE

Who plays the rôle of Mrs. Oliver

SCENES IN ANNE CRAWFORD FLEXNER'S COMEDY "THE MARRIAGE GAME" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

The OPERA

Mishkin GERALDINE FARRAR
In the title rôle of "Manon"

THE grand opera season of 1913-14 is now on in full blast. The Metropolitan Opera House flung wide open its fashionable doors on November 17th with "La Gioconda." Massenet's "Manon" was to have been the opening bill, but owing to the temporary indisposition of Geraldine Farrar, Ponchielli's opera had to be substituted at the eleventh hour. The work was given with Mmes. Destinn, Matzenauer, and Duchene, and Messrs. Caruso, Amato, De Segurola, Reschiglian, as Oscar, Mme. Matzenauer as Ulrica, Mr. Caruso as Riccardo, Mr. Amato as Renato, and Messrs. De Segurola, Rothier, Bada, Reschiglian, and Audisio. The production has been painted by Mario Sala, of the Scala Opera House, Milan, and the costumes are after designs by Prof. Palanti.

In the mere matter of days and weeks, the music season is yet very young, but in respect to importance and interest no music season of twice its age can vie with it. The concert world has been unusually busy and brilliant. The Metropolitan being still dark at the time of writing and Oscar Hammerstein still holding in abeyance the official date of the beginning of his season at his new Opera House, it would seem as though recital givers had taken time by the forelock and had plunged the New York musical public into the very thick of the concert season, determined to reap at least a part of the harvest before opera has an opportunity to lure away patrons.

Copyright Mishkin
Signor Caruso as Des Grieux in "Manon"

Copyright Mishkin Louise Homer in "Aida"

"Die Zauberflöte" was given the following Wednesday evening, with Mme. Destinn as Pamina, Mme. Hempel as the Queen of the Night, Miss Alten as Papagena, Mr. Urlus as Tamino, Mr. Goritz as Papageno, and Mr. Braun as Sarastro. The new tenor, Giovanni Martinelli, was introduced Thursday night, November 20th, as Rodolfo in "La Bohême." Mme. Bori was the Mimi, the others in the cast being Mme. Bella Alten and Messrs. Scotti De Seurola, Didur, Pini-Corsi, and Ananian.

Mme. Margaret Ober, the new contralto, made her début Friday night, November 21st, singing Ortrud in "Lohengrin." Mme. Fremstad was the Elsa, Mr. Urlus the Lohengrin, Mr. Weil the Frederick, Mr. Braun the King, and Carl Schlegel, for the first time, the Herald. Alfred Hertz conducted.

Mishkin
Margaret Ober as Ortrud in "Lohengrin"

The first novelty was given at the Saturday matinée, November 22d, when a revival of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," which has not been heard at the Metropolitan for nine seasons, was presented. The cast included Mme. Destinn as Amelia, Mme. Hempel

But before everything else, the account of the reappearance here of Pavlowa craves attention. Dancers may come and dancers may go, but there is only one Pavlowa. She has the winning personality that carries her dancing message straight across the footlights. There is not a single pose or gesture which fails in its artistic appeal, so keen is this artist's sense of proportion and of what the painters call "composition." And with it all there is never a deliberate attempt to usurp the attention of the audience. Her smile is gracious, not stereotyped; her absolute freedom of movement is imparted to the watching eye as something natural, not acquired. One is never impressed by her dancing technique as mere technique, but only as a means to a lovely end. That much overworked and tired phrase, "poetry of motion," is legitimate in its application of Pavlowa. She is so volatile that her dancing movements are like so many handsome pictures. She really illustrates the story so vividly that, unlike opera in

English, Mlle. Pavlowa does not require a libretto.

It has been three years since this famous Russian has been seen here, but she won her audience completely and in an instant at the Metropolitan Opera House the other afternoon — if, indeed, she ever has lost them. It was in a Chopin Nocturne that she first appeared, followed by several other Chopin dances. Then, in the second part of the programme she danced the rôle of an Oriental seductress who ensnares a knight, or at least attempts it, only failing when he thwarts her by waving in her face a talisman that recalls his true love. For this episode, called "Oriental Fantasy," the scenery and costumes had been designed by Leon Bakst, a talented Russian whose color schemes are of the most brilliant and daring. The final part of the programme was a series of Divertissements, one of the most exquisite of which was a Gavotte Directoire, danced in a costume of the Empire. Pavlowa proved that she could enslave the eye in more conventional dances as well as in poetic, imaginary ones.

STAGE SETTING FOR ACT I OF "THE JEWELS OF THE MADONNA" AT THE CENTURY OPERA HOUSE

Her supporting company is admirable. Her leading man is Novikoff, a picturesque dancer; another character dancer is named Bergé, and a celebrated Russian mime named Cecchetti. The minor dancers are admirably chosen.

The whole offering was stamped with the seal of the artistic. It was the best Russian ballet ever offered here, the most pretentious artistically. And as for Mlle. Pavlowa—she is simply incomparable.

And now to return to the sedate concert room. Within a single week three of the greatest pianists have given recitals here—Paderewski, Hofmann and Bauer. Each appearance assumed the importance and dignity of an event, each taxed the capacity of the hall. Paderewski had neglected us for four full seasons, and his initial appearance here was delayed a fortnight by an attack of grippe. Just before the concert an attack of nervousness contrived that the virtuoso kept his audience waiting forty minutes, and when he finally appeared and began to play it was evident that he was keyed above concert pitch, for he smote the piano until it gave out sounds more like unto an orchestra than a piano. Even when this mood subsided it became apparent to intelligent observers that the languishing, sentimental Pole of yore had been replaced by a more dramatic nature, that this velvety touch, when scratched revealed the lion's paw. There have been moments in his playing years ago when he assumed a dramatic expression which at once sounded insincere. Now

Mishkin ELIZABETH AMSDEN
In "The Jewels of the Madonna"

LOUIS KREIDLER
As Scarpia in "Tosca"

Mishkin LOIS EWELL
In "Madama Butterfly"

Mishkin
Josef Hofmann

Copyright Marceau
Ignace Paderewski

his voicing of the dramatic is tremendously impressive. It compels interest. Such incidents as the opening of the Chopin B flat minor sonata, and the thrilling pulsating rhythm of the same composer's Polonaise Militaire, are not quickly forgotten. And in his playing of the Polish genius's B minor Mazurka there were exhibitions of rhythmic variety that were amazingly interesting, tantalizing as they were for the ear to pursue. Then, in his interpretation of the C sharp minor Study, he poured such a wealth of sentiment that there was no doubt about the sentimental greatness of this artist. After the close of the concert he played a number of encore pieces, in which he displayed at their fullest his gifts to "color" music as only he can do.

Harold Bauer

Heretofore there has always been something mystical about the appearance of this great Pole. It was as though he invoked hypnotism, so potent a poetic spell did he weave; but now he has abandoned much of this. He thunders at the piano; he also caresses. But he is a greater Paderewski than ever before and still an idol of the music-loving public.

So, too, has Josef Hofmann grown to be a very great pianist. He has gained a grasp upon the dramatic bigness of music, and this, added to his technique and his thorough musicianship, tends to make him a wonderful player. He performed, among other numbers, Liszt's monumental B minor Sonata in a manner that rivalled the memory of D'Albert's playing of this great music. And the somewhat hackneyed Beethoven Sonata Pathétique was played with such complete understanding and fine, virile sweep that it impressed his listeners as being really big piano playing. Chopin and some moderns fared as well, and the audience was held in thrall by the playing of this artist, who from being a mere prodigy has grown to be one of the world's great pianists.

The third of the trio is Harold Bauer, ever earnest and sincere, who chose to make his season's entrance with a unique program consisting of three Beethoven Sonatas and three Preludes and Fugues from Bach's well-tempered Clavichord. It was remarkably played, marked throughout by a masterly conception and by scholarly reading, which was so charged with interesting expression that the stiffness of the program did not in the least oppress an audience which remained to the close and clamored for more.

Nor have the pianists had the field all to themselves, for there have been two notable song recitals Melba and Farrar. The former has not been here in a number of years, and, despite the fact that some of her upper tones were not as brilliant as of yore, she sang so lusciously that it was a sheer joy to hear her. Now, Nellie Melba is not a young woman any more, and if she can so ravish the listening ear as she did at her recent recital, it is proof positive that her voice and method are supreme to the demands of Father Time.

Geraldine Farrar, "our own Geraldine" of the Metropolitan Opera House, has waited all these years before she dared to give a recital. That she has not waited in vain was proven by her singing and interpretation. Some of my esteemed confrères shot critical arrows at her tone production. That, it seems to me, was a wasting of ammunition and time. Miss Farrar has sung here so many times in opera, and her tone production has ever been her weak point, so my critical brethren could scarcely have expected that she would acquire an entirely new tone production for this recital. What was of paramount interest was her interpretation of songs. She proved that there were brains back of her singing. She was much at her worst in the classic group of Glück, Mozart, Beethoven, and Handel. But she shone in the Loewe dramatic ballads and in the group of Russian songs. Chiefly in Moussorgsky's "Sternlein" did she reveal her great possibilities as a song interpreter.

There was still another pianist who came to charm and amaze, and it was Teresa Carreno, who confesses that she is within one year of the sixty mark, and who made her initial bow of the season at the opening Philharmonic concert. She has not been here for four years, and she chose to make her acquaintance again with that familiar concerto, the Tschaïkowsky B flat minor, with which her name is almost indellibly linked. She played it not quite with the same imposing bigness of tone as in former years, but with the same wonderful abandon and heroic surge. It was a deplorable shame that Josef Stransky and the Philharmonic orchestra did not support her with better accompaniment. It was the first concert in the seventy-second season of this society, and Stransky conducted the Berlioz "King Lear Overture," the same composer's Symphonie Fantastique, and Tschaïkowsky's March Slave. It was not an interesting program, and it was a very long one. There are a number of new members of this organization, including a new concertmaster, Leopold Kramer, but there is not a notable improvement in the sound of this orchestra. The Symphonie Fantastique lacked imagination, chiefly—and if Berlioz is played without imagination he had better not be played at all.

So, too, has the Symphony Society of New York begun its season with Mme. Gadski as soloist, who sang brilliantly, followed by Mme. Homer, also as soloist, at the second matinée concert.

Mme. Gadski | Teresa Carreno | Mme. Melba

The Woman Who Made Bernard Shaw Cry

SARA ALLGOOD'S "Little Sister" has come to America. So much did the leading woman of the Irish Players admire our republic that she stayed here, and is in a fair way to become thoroughly American, and her sister, impressed by Sallie's description of us, has also come to learn whether she would care as much for it. She had been in New York but a week when she said she, too, adored us.

They are most unlike, these two daughters of Dublin, between whom is the bond of sisterhood. Sara Allgood you remember as a wide-shouldered, deep-chested, broad-hipped woman, whose chief physical note is sturdiness. Maire, (pronounced Moyra) O'Neill is of fairy-like slenderness. Her figure is as gracefully turned and delicately undulating as a French woman's. Sara Allgood's face is grave. The shadow of her country's hardships and privations lie upon it. Maire O'Neill's face breaks easily into smiles and ripples all over, especially about her provocative little chin, with merriment. Sara Allgood has a fine face, with the strength of six average women in it, but no one ever said she is handsome. Miss O'Neill is a beauty. J. Butler Yeats, father of the poet, W. B. Yeats, whose poetic dramas she has successfully interpreted, says she is typical of the beauty of Ireland. Both have the Irish coloring, the gray blue eyes that by their depth and light deserve the name, "Irish eyes." Both have the bluish black hair that crowns so many women of Ireland. Both have acute mental alertness and dramatic feeling. But from that point they, so far as personality is accepted, diverge. In Sara Allgood seems embalmed the gloom of the fair isle. In her "Little Sister" is embodied its mirth. The elder sister has the memories and bears the mark of being the next to the eldest of an octette of children, half orphaned and poor, while most of them were of the toddling age. Behind the younger lie brighter memories.

MAIRE O'NEILL
A TYPICAL IRISH BEAUTY, SISTER OF SARA ALLGOOD, OF IRISH PLAYERS' FAME, AND NOW APPEARING AS MARY ELLEN IN "GENERAL JOHN REGAN"

Yet each being an admirable actress, plays well parts poles distant from her personality. It was the sister whose face breaks into happy smiles, whose voice has a gay little trill in it, who achieved what London had thought the impossible. She caused George Bernard Shaw to shed tears. Not only is there the testimony of eye witnesses to those tears, but the scoffing philosopher himself confesses it. Back of the curtain he came when Miss O'Neill had been playing the mother in his "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnit," his wheat-colored beard still moist, and said: "Miss O'Neill, you are the only woman who ever made me cry—especially the only actress." This was tribute enough.

Another man unused to the art of tears, an Oxford student, whose muscles had always transcended his emotions, was alternately touched to tears and laughter by the dramatic power of the young woman from Erin. George H. Maer was a critic and became a leading writer for the Manchester *Guardian*. He burst into verse about Maire O'Neill. He compared her to no living being, because he, in substance, asserted there was no living woman comparable to her. He likened her with Helen of Troy, and ransacked the classics for further parallels of her beauty, her appeal, her allurement. For a year the florid tributes of the fervent young critic afforded amusement to Maire O'Neill and to others. A year lay between her appearance in Oxford, where he first saw her on the stage, and a dinner given by the daughter of Mrs. Gaskell, the novelist, in Manchester, to which the actress and the critic were bidden. He had had opportunities to meet her, but he had not embraced them.

"He was nervous," was her terse way of summing the delinquencies of the admirer, whose ardor exceeded his courage. "But when I met him in Manchester I understood."

Thereafter she was an aid to him in his wooing, because she understood. For instance, when he came to Dublin he was at great pains to say: "I was called here on political business."

What, think you, was her answer? Bashful swain and vexed maidens, hearken:

"I know. Let's come to the point."

Having received this clear-sighted impetus, they did come to the point. The shyest of men could not find any reason for delay after such a speech. In a year they were married. They've a little daughter named Pegeen Michael. American actors name their country homes in grateful memory of the play that made them rich and famous. Maire O'Neill went further. Because the part of the character of Pegeen Michael, in "The Playboy of the Western World," brought other critics than her destined husband to their knees, she gave the baby bit of herself, her first-born, the name of that character.

She had other reason for her love of Pegeen Michael. Until she played it she had seemed to be doomed to play old women for the full term of her life. Going on the stage at nineteen, walking on and off in one of the Irish Players' repertoire at the Abbey Theatre, she began representing aged cronies. Her first spoken lines was in Synge's "Well of the Saints."

Mishkin

VIVIAN MARTIN
Now appearing in "The Marriage Game"

"Are you my wife?" she is asked by an ill-favored villain.

"Glad am I to tell you I am not," she flung back at him with enjoyable gusto.

For two years she hid her charming face behind the senile makeups. "My youngest part for two years was eighty years old," is her recollection. Then came the Yeats dramas and the chance to radiate the spirit of youth. It came about after that that she played the leading parts in the Yeats dramas and her sister those of Lady Gregory's dramas.

"My sister could play parts that I couldn't touch," she says of that time, with warm Irish loyalty, "and never can, if I should live forever."

The fame of the Irish Players spread to Dublin Castle, where dwelt the officials of the Government and their wives. They began coming to the theatre, where hitherto only the pit and galleries had been filled. Although their presence meant prosperity to the Irish Players, some of the hottest blooded of them refused to play for "the Saxons."

"'Twas Gaelic madness," Miss O'Neill says of that time, when the company was rent by the question of who would play for the Saxons. Miss Allgood was of those who refused, and she left the playhouse of which she had been director. Her departure left Miss O'Neill leading woman of the organization. She continued in that post until marriage brought its two-year interruption in her career.

Like Mrs. Fiske and Miss Anglin, Miss O'Neill believes that a few years off the stage may be an excellent influence in art. Certainly after the honeymoon spent with the Arnold Bennetts in France, the pleasant peeps into English society in London and Manchester, and the birth of little Pegeen, Maire O'Neill returned to the stage a better actress than she left it. She supported Sir George Alexander at the St. James. She played in "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnit" in London. She appeared in the Yeats plays in Manchester with increased success. Sidney Blow, acting for George Tyler, invited her to come to America to play in "General John Regan."

She came and to an extent America conquered her. At least, she declared her neck ached from staring at the tall buildings, and she expects to go home a pauper, because the wonderful shops will have emptied her purse. But, unlike her sister, she will go home.

"I have strong ties there," she said, thinking of Pegeen Michael and Pegeen Michael's father.

"Do you help your husband in his work?" I asked.

"Not at all," she rejoined. "I'm not clever enough."

"Does he help you in yours?"

"Not a bit," was the quick rejoinder.

"Because he isn't clever enough?"

"Quite that." Her face broke into its alluring ripples.

The difference in the surnames of actresses separated in their dramatic activities by but a few Broadway blocks is accounted for, not by marriage, but by precedence. Sara Allgood, being the pioneer upon the stage, had a prior right to the family name. Her sister following, when the younger had grown to nineteen, gracefully adopted her grandmother's name. That was ten years ago, and each has pressed her way to success by paths differing, yet alike, and each has reached the goal of Broadway.

A further goal the younger sister has set herself. She wants to play Shakespearean rôles, and she longs from the depths to her Irish heart to give us an Irish Juliet. A. P.

Mishkin

ANN MEREDITH
Who was seen recently in "The Love Leash"

Polaire the Magnetic

POLAIRE is a great artist," a critic has said. One who knows this clever French woman, and has watched her work—her real work in Paris, and not only the little trifle she has been brought across the ocean to show to American audiences—is quite inclined to agree with this judgment.

Polaire is a great artist, because, first of all, she is a splendid type of the human animal. Not that anyone could be blind enough to declare her a raving beauty. Her physical shortcomings are obvious. The largeness of her feet has been overadvertised; yet there is truth in the press agent's story, they *are* large, and in those American short-vamped slippers they look somewhat lumpy. Her hands are large, also—far from being elegantly formed—and so is her nose, long and pointed, and so is her mouth, wide and rather thick-lipped. And, then, her waist! It has gained a reputation of its own! But why criticize the details when the effect of the whole is that of perfection in its own strange way?

MLLE. POLAIRE
Recently seen in "Le Visiteur," at the Forty-fourth Street Music Hall

It is interesting to search for the cause of this vivid ensemble impression, as it were, that Polaire infallibly makes off the stage as well as on. Does she cast a secret spell? No, it is not that. It is something of which she is unconscious which emanates from her independently of her own will. Let us call it magnetism!—sheer, animal magnetism, carried to the n-th power. So strong it is, that it sometimes hits you in the stomach like the well-applied punch of a boxer who takes his opponent unawares. Or it seizes you in the back, like the knife she thrusts between the shoulder blades of the "Visiteur" in her sketch. This extraordinary magnetic power is the secret of Polaire's appeal. It "gets" the onlooker through his senses, and that is why it "gets" everybody, the primitive as well as the cultured.

Her acting is essentially sensuous, with hardly a trace of mental effort, and nothing whatsoever of the spiritual. Yet it is not objectionable, because it is all in suggestion, and never borders on the crude. There is where the art of the French woman comes in. Or is it, rather than art, a sort of racial delicacy, common to the women of France, whatever their origin and their station in life may be? It is of everyone's knowledge that French people can say and do *"the most awful things"* without being vulgar. Polaire is French, of course—a child of Paris, which is more. Nevertheless, it would be unjust to deny the existence of a carefully studied art in her stage work.

The New York critic who declared her a great artist, after seeing her do her short sketch in a Broadway music hall, is but an echo of what all the Parisian critics have said—those who have known her for years and watched her growth, from the little variety actress she was at the beginning to the position she now occupies as legitimate star.

The present writer saw her three or four years ago in "La Maison de Danse" at the Théâtre du Vaudeville in Paris. Her impersonation of the Spanish dancing girl, La Estrella, was absolutely masterful. No attempt at making herself pretty for the gallery, when the character required rags and unkempt hair and dirty hands and slouchy walk in a pair of worn-out, heelless bedslippers. But magnetism enough to electrify ten audiences! And later in the play when, decked out in the gaudy silks of the cheap Spanish professional, she danced on a platform to an audience of rough men, half drunk, half crazed with lust—and then, when she passed among the tables to collect coins—what consummate animal witchery! And in the last act, full of red-blooded romance, passion and death, Polaire's personality—or was it her art?—made such an impression upon the audience as no other actress of our time has ever succeeded in imparting. The possession of art and magnetism both is certainly a wonderful asset in any actress.

Polaire's voice is like the rest of her, strange and compelling. It is deep, warm, with a queer *"canaille"* touch to it, especially in the higher tones. She does not sing, yet she sings; and the song, though its text remains mostly unintelligible to Americans, catches the audience. There is a significant line that returns at the conclusion of each stanza of her song in "Le Visiteur": *"Et*

c'est çà qui me porte à la peau." Significant, because characteristic of Polaire. You feel that the things she mentions do "*lui portent à la peau,*" and she herself unquestionably has the same effect upon you. If you are frank you'll own to it.

"Glad to be back in New York?" echoed Polaire as she sat in her dressing-room, fastening her incredibly long black silk stockings with a multitude of little elastic strings—an invention of her own. "Not at all. The road was bad enough, the one-night stands and . . . and all! But New York is worse. I was shipped here—is that how you say?—before I knew what was happening to me. And no one knew I was coming. . . . I don't know. People are funny here. One never knows *n'est-ce pas?*

"After New York, I go to Canada. There my old sketch is all right, because I never was there before. But here, I wanted very much to play a new sketch, a good one. . . . Oh, very, very good!"

"French, of course. But who is the author?"

"I, it is I. It is my idea, a very, very good idea! Too bad! They promised me to do it, and now they will not. Well, all right. Only eight weeks more, or ten, I don't know, and then I go back to Paris, to play a *real* play in a *real* theatre. I don't like music-halls—not at all! My art needs a real theatre."

"What induced you to leave the Boulevards and come over here, if all your preferences are for Paris and her *real* theatres?"

"The big money, of course!" with the most absolute frankness. "And, besides, I did not know what was to be when I signed the contract. You all knew here, because it was advertised. But even when I landed and had to fight those awful, terrible customsmen, I did not know. But now I know."

"Know what?"

"Well, that thing, that combination, all that. . . . Oh, it wasn't right, no!"

Mr. Beckman, her leading man, peeped into the dressing-room and recommended haste. Polaire's make-up was off, and the short, curly dark hair was promptly released from its red silk prison. As she slipped into a fascinating gown of luminous blue panne, she exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"How do you like him? He is good, very good, very terrible, very *'voyou.'* Who would think he could be that on the stage, to see him on the street, so handsome, so elegant? I know you could not like *me* to-day. I played tired. I am tired, very, very, with two performances every day; it leaves me all without strength."

There! The magnetism! She may know nothing about it, but the expenditure of it tires her, the end of the performance finds her all played out.

"When I come back to America . . ." she concluded, "you just wait! I am going to study English, like Nazimova, and then I shall appear in a big play in English, so that the people can understand what I say. Then they will see!!" F. C. F.

The Theatre Cat

As I enter my dressing-room, cheerless and bare,
And grope 'round the walls for a light,
I so often feel there is somebody there,
Concealed in the shadows of night.
After turning the button, or striking a match,
There's a feeling of welcome at that,
As I gaze with surprise in the still blinking eyes
Of the poor little theatre cat.

Have you come to the dressing-room, pussy, to find
A gleam of humanity there,
A truth that was gentle, a word that was kind,
A heart with its treasures laid bare?
I sympathize with you, poor kitty, for we
Struggle' round here and fret, and all that,
And the actress who owns furs to cover her bones
Is lucky, poor theatre cat.

You dumb, shrinking creature, so scrawny and thin,
I thought I had left you behind;
Why, every old dressing-room that I go in
I come across one of your kind.
What charm has the theatre kitty for you?
There's no food here—not even a rat.
Yet each playhouse owns its rickel of bones,
The poor little theatre cat.

MARY MACDONALD.

White — Henry Stevenson — Elliott Dexter — Grace Filkins

Act I—Theodore Knapp (Mr. Dexter): "This has gone far enough"

SCENE IN "THE LOVE LEASH" RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE HARRIS THEATRE

Matzene

BILLIE BURKE

Who is now appearing in "The Amazons," and to be seen later in "The Promised Land"

Copyright Charles Frohman
THESE PRIVATE PORTRAITS, BY SARONY, ARE CONSIDERED

Maude Adams as Peter Pan

Copyright Charles Frohman
TWO OF THE BEST THE ACTRESS HAS EVER HAD TAKEN

Coining Admiration Worth Half a Million a Year

THIS is the unique case of Maude Adams, the only personality among women, who, with no great asset of beauty, and without the histrionic talents of a Bernhardt, has succeeded in winning the universal admiration of other women.

Out in Chicago, which is only one admiring community, the admiration for Maude Adams shows a total of $1,525,000 coined in that city during her career on the stage. Boston has paid even more than this to see her.

In New York alone, at the Empire Theatre, and in other New York theatres, her business success with those who admire her totaled in cash nearly $2,500,000.

These are staggering figures to contemplate for the young person who aspires to be an actress. No other woman in the world possesses the power of Maude Adams to coin admiration into dollars, with no other obvious reason than the mysterious quality, which has never been completely defined—charm.

The world's history is full of charming women—beauties, wits, heads of noble houses, queens, and rulers, but among them there are none who match this little American woman in her ability of coining admiration into money. Before going into an analysis of Maude Adams, the greatest American charmer, it is interesting to note a few concrete examples of her success.

In a tour of ten weeks in J. M. Barrie's play, "What Every Woman Knows," the receipts were $125,000. A week's receipts of $20,000 for Maude Adams on tour is commonplace. It is the capacity of the theatre which determines the box office statements. In every theatre in the country where she has played her receipts have reached the high water mark of the season. I am merely quoting facts supplied by Mr. Charles Frohman's office in New York, which are authentic enough.

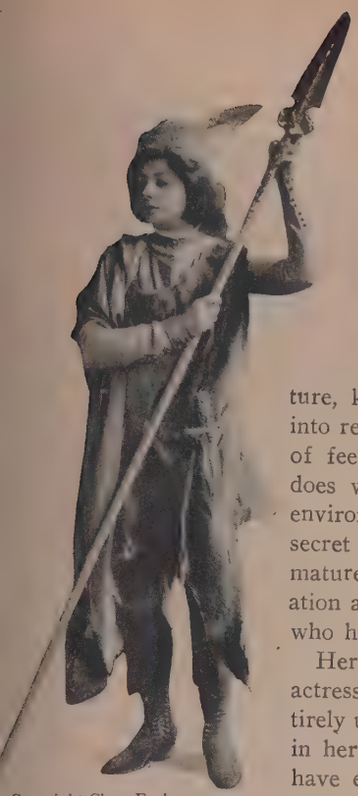
And yet, in almost every American community, one can find a Maude Adams type. I exempt that large number of ingenue young ladies on the stage who so successfully attempt to imitate her style and character. What I mean is, that in nearly all the high schools of this country, in all the girls' colleges, in the private schools, and in the homes, one will come across a slender, wistful, *petite* little sprite who looks like Maude Adams. Not only may she look like her, but she will very likely have the delightful little air of refinement and simplicity which distinguishes the Maude Adams type. Whether any of these young ladies have the intellectual depth and the unceasing industry in a serious ambition of any sort is, of course, another question. If they have not both industry and a burning ambition to overcome the usual obstacles which confront the American girl who seeks to carve her own way, they need never hope to become as celebrated or as happy as Maude Adams.

Maude Adams in "L'Aiglon"

Other "stars" have come and gone since Maude Adams first began her campaign of triumph; but Miss Adams seems to continue placidly in a noontime of prosperity and favor that knows no shadow. How she has done this has been the subject of more than one discussion A great many are inclined to believe that it is due to Charles Frohman's extremely clever policy in directing her course, until she has become the greatest money-making "star" on the American stage. It is quite certain that he has contributed immensely to her popularity and to her financial possibility. But no investment of whatever amount in advertising, in plays, in scenery, or any other theatrical property, could possibly create another Maude Adams. If it were possible, it would have been done long ago. So the little problem narrows itself down to the simple conclusion that Maude Adams has captured the women of her country by her personality. Here is another word quite as difficult to describe as "charm."

In Maude Adams' case one can safely say that "her personality" has been her consistent desire to develop the best and sweetest instincts of her character. Rather than scatter her energies, as so many girls do, in pleasure and among her friends, she has devoted her leisure to other associations. Being unable frequently to find any inspiration among those in her immediate environment, she has chosen to be alone in the companionship of a book, out of which she gathered food for her own happiness.

Reading was something that Maude Adams acquired when she was a very young girl, not because



Copyright Chas. Frohman
AS ROSALIND

it was forced upon her, but because she found something really worth thinking about in books that were worth while. Temperamentally, Maude Adams was always a student. She never had that obvious sort of beauty that distracts more than it supplies, but she was poetic by nature, keenly sensitive and driven often into retreat on this account. Refinement of feeling limited her association, as it does with so many young girls whose environment does not contribute to their secret happiness. She was compelled to mature her spirit by sharing the imagination and experience of men and women who had written of theirs in books.

Her mother, Annie Adams, was an actress, capable and intelligent, but entirely unaware of the mysterious "charm" in her daughter. I doubt whether they have ever really understood each other, beyond the deepest ties of affection. This fact is interesting because it reveals the possible misunderstanding of even so close a love-tie as a mother with her daughter. The artistic germ in young girls is by no means confined only to the highly educated or the highly polished product. I believe there are many young girls who, scarcely conscious of their own taste and ability for artistic professions, are restrained from their ambition by mothers who fail to perceive it in them. Maude Adams, however, was naturally affiliated with the theatre, but if she had not been, it is more than probably that she would have been an artist of some kind, with or without the sympathy of her mother.

So the mysterious quality called "charm" was an unconscious expression of a young girl, who happened to be Maude Adams. There are hosts of them all over the country whose sensitiveness is too remote even for the mothers' vision. Probably Charles Frohman recognized this rare quality and was able to nurture it and preserve it for the credit of Maude Adams for the pleasure of the public. He undoubtedly foresaw that there was a universal admiration for the Maude Adams type; he must have seen this fact much more than her actual ability as an actress. For it is no violation or shock to the great army of her admirers to say that Maude Adams is not a great actress. To say that she is a unique expression of exquisite refinement, spirituality and personal standards of character, is merely to suggest the Maude Adams type.

IN "THE JESTERS"

It is told that in Philadelphia, on the second night of Maude Adams' engagement in "What Every Woman Knows," there was launched the opening of two grand opera seasons, where the rival impresarios put forward their most famous singers. Ordinarily, two such important openings would have had a serious effect for that night, at least, on all the first-class dramatic productions in the city. Maude Adams, however, was not affected by it. She played to the usual packed house. In some of the smaller cities, Maude Adams' arrival is of unmistakable importance to the city. Two amusing instances of this interesting fact occurred last fall.

In one case her manager was requested by the ministers of a large southern city to defer the rising of the curtain till nine o'clock, in return for which the clergy consented to hold their church services an hour earlier than usual. All the local churches had combined in a great interdenominational revival. Their "big night" was coincident with the date of Miss Adams' appearance. Rather than preach to empty benches, the churches met the theatre half way, and each harmoniously helped each other.

The other instance was also in the South, where the guests at a great society wedding requested that the curtain should be held till cupid's work was completed, in order that the bridesmaids, a numerous and very pretty lot, should see their young friend married and not miss the chance of seeing Maude Adams, too.

Copyright Chas. Frohman
AS CHANTECLER

Most of the plays in which Maude Adams has appeared have been seen in the stock company theatres, and yet she has only to appear in a revival of them on tour to draw large audiences. This is only another proof that the personality of Maude Adams is of more value than the plays in which she appears.

There is really no such thing as a Maude Adams play. Her appearance in any new play always increases its value immeasurably. Her following is something that is quite apart from anything in the theatrical world. Her success cannot be judged by any of the usual theatrical standards. It so happens that she has appeared most frequently in plays by J. M. Barrie, but it is an open question whether her success would not have been quite as effective in other plays. Although Barrie has supplied her with most adaptable parts in "The Little Minister," "Quality Street," "Peter Pan," and "What Every Woman Knows," her performance of "L'Aiglon" attracted fully as much interest as the Barrie plays. Even her Juliet and her Joan of Arc, which were far from notable interpretations histrionically, became singularly important events in theatrical affairs. One must take into consideration these cold facts so as to justify the remarkable interest in her personality.

Maude Adams' following is composed of most contradictory elements, which find a common source of reason in the universal affection for her. It is as personal as any sentiment touching their own intimate lives. A Maude Adams audience is of every class, from the shop girl, who saves her fifty cents to go and see her, to the most pretentious theatregoer. It is a well-known fact in professional theatrical management that there are hundreds who go to see Maude Adams at every one of her performances who never enter a theatre at any other time of the year. And yet no "star" commands so large a clientèle from regular theatregoers.

The play is not the attraction with her audiences. Someone said that Maude Adams' hold upon her public is so

Sarony

IN "QUALITY STREET"

strong, that she could successfully carry off a dramatization of the multiplication table. The men who manage theatres are close observers of these things, and they always rely upon her personality as the chief drawing card. Her popularity is so substantial, and increases so steadily year by year, that her tour creates a revival of good business for the theatres, if it has been bad. Her appearance in dormant theatrical centres is like a sure hypodermic injection which revives theatre-going.

White

CHARLOTTE WALKER
Who is appearing as June in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

No special advertising is ever necessary for Maude Adams. The mere announcement of her name is enough. Here is a "star" who will not be interviewed, and who has no desire for any of the methods of public exploitation that have come to be regarded as a necessary aid to high rank on the stage.

No one knows Maude Adams' views on "Careers for Girls," or "The Stage as a Field for Feminine Idea." No "Maude Adams Cook Book" has ever, nor will ever be printed. "The Maude Adams Cigar" has yet to be made. And yet Miss Adams probably would contribute a great deal of interesting advice, for she has travelled all over the world, in out-of-the-way places which have not been spoiled by tourist invasion.

About a year ago a leading magazine offered her a certified check of $35,000 for fifty thousand words of any sort of reminiscent material. Mr. Frohman urged her to accept it as a convenient nest egg. She refused on the ground that her private views and opinions were of no consequence, and should not be imposed upon the public. This statement only goes to show that she herself, and not her manager, has insisted upon this remote attitude. It is said that she is extremely sensitive, and that she only sustains her personality by a rigid retirement within herself. This, of course, is only following out the course of her career as she planned it when a young girl, a course which insisted upon a deep reserve to find the happiness of her life by private association of a few friends and many books.

When we realize that Maude Adams has lived on the dizzy heights of popularity for many years, her reserve is more remarkable. Her friends, outside of those who are intimately attached to her, are among the celebrated men and women of thought both in England and America. But these are only a natural selection. She has about her some adoring women who actually speak of her with a sort of hushed reverence. I met a young girl once who was an adoring member of her immediate circle. When I asked her why she had not written an appreciation of Maude Adams, having the exceptional understanding of her which her intimacy had given her, she was very much shocked at the suggestion. In a half whisper, as if she were on holy ground, she said:

"Oh, I couldn't do that; it would be sacrilege. No one who knows her would think of doing such a thing."

Reticence is Maude Adams' temperament, and only with her very intimate friends does she ever reveal her nature. Unquestionably, this is one of the rare qualities which have contributed to the unique personality of Maude Adams.

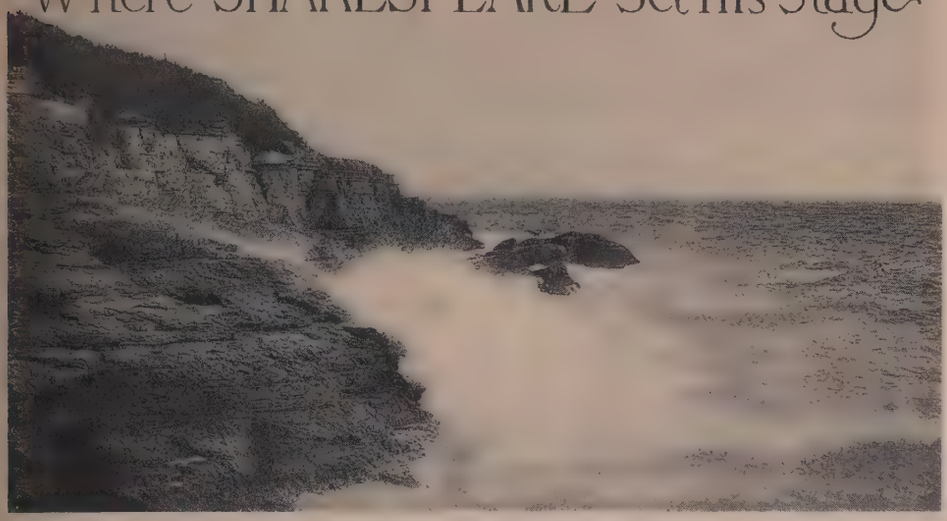
If the public hears nothing of Maude Adams off the stage, it sees still less of her outside of the theatre. Here, apparently, one may assume that Maude Adams has a bit of old-fashioned theory in her character, which makes her believe that her private life is of no concern to anyone but herself. She has the record, however, of never having disappointed an audience, whether at the Empire Theatre in New York or in the most insignificant one-night stand, where fate and the booking agent may have sent her.

Her relation to her audiences is almost a religion, she regards her obligation to them so seriously. She is punctual with them and honorable with them by giving the very best performance she can wherever she appears, but she is rarely seen by anyone outside the theatre. Her friends say that this instinct of retirement has no purpose in it. It is inherent.

In summing up this unique case of a woman who can coin admiration to the amount of half a million a year, one is still puzzled to explain it on any other grounds than that her success has been achieved by the mystery of her personality. Without much beauty, with no possible reason for comparing her with artists like Ellen Terry, or Sarah Bernhardt, or Eleanora Duse, she represents more affection and respect and, above all, understanding among American theatregoers than any of these superb women of genius. These are the facts which establish the Maude Adams type of supreme importance in and out of the theatre.

WILLIAM DE WAGSTAFFE.

Where SHAKESPEARE Set His Stage



COAST NEAR POLA—OLD ILLYRIA

AMONG the Shakespeare comedies, none afford better opportunity to the scenic artist than "Twelfth Night," the action of which is laid in "a city in Illyria, and the sea coast near it." This description given by the dramatist is sufficiently vague to afford ample opportunity for the imagination. Those who look for Illyria on a modern map will not find that country, yet it is not one of those imaginary European kingdoms invented by modern novelists.

That portion of the Continent now known as Dalmatia, with the Peninsula of Istria, was in former times known as Illyria, and this stretch of country offers sufficient picturesque scenery to supply any number of stage settings for the drama, nor will it be difficult to find old castles in which to set the first scene —"An Apartment in the Duke's Palace." There is, for instance, the ruined castle of the Franggipani family, near Fiume, perched high on a hill, overlooking the bay, while the islands and coast of Dalmatia offer many others less well known, but equally romantic and picturesque.

In the second scene of the play, Viola, the Captain and sailors testify by their conversation to the dangers of this vicinity. The Captain, who is "of a fair behavior," after telling Viola that the country is Illyria, and that he was bred and born not three hours' travel from this very place, adds that it is governed by a noble duke, Orsino, who loves Olivia. Viola resolves to enter the service of the Duke disguised as a boy.

The second act opens by the sea coast, presumably at some distance from the scene in the first act. Here Sebastian, Viola's brother, is found in conversation with Antonio, another sea captain, who has rescued him from the shipwreck, in which Viola participated, brother and sister each believing the other lost. Shakespeare could not have selected a more favorable sea coast than that of Illyria for his shipwreck. The numerous islands, the narrow channels and rocks, all make it a dangerous coast in foul weather, and if evidence of this were needed, one has but to visit the votive chapel on the hill above Fiume. Here he will find small models or pictures of ships offered as thanksgiving for the rescue from shipwreck of their large counterparts, and in such numbers that, however blue and smiling the sea may chance to be when the visitor gazes upon it, he may not doubt its

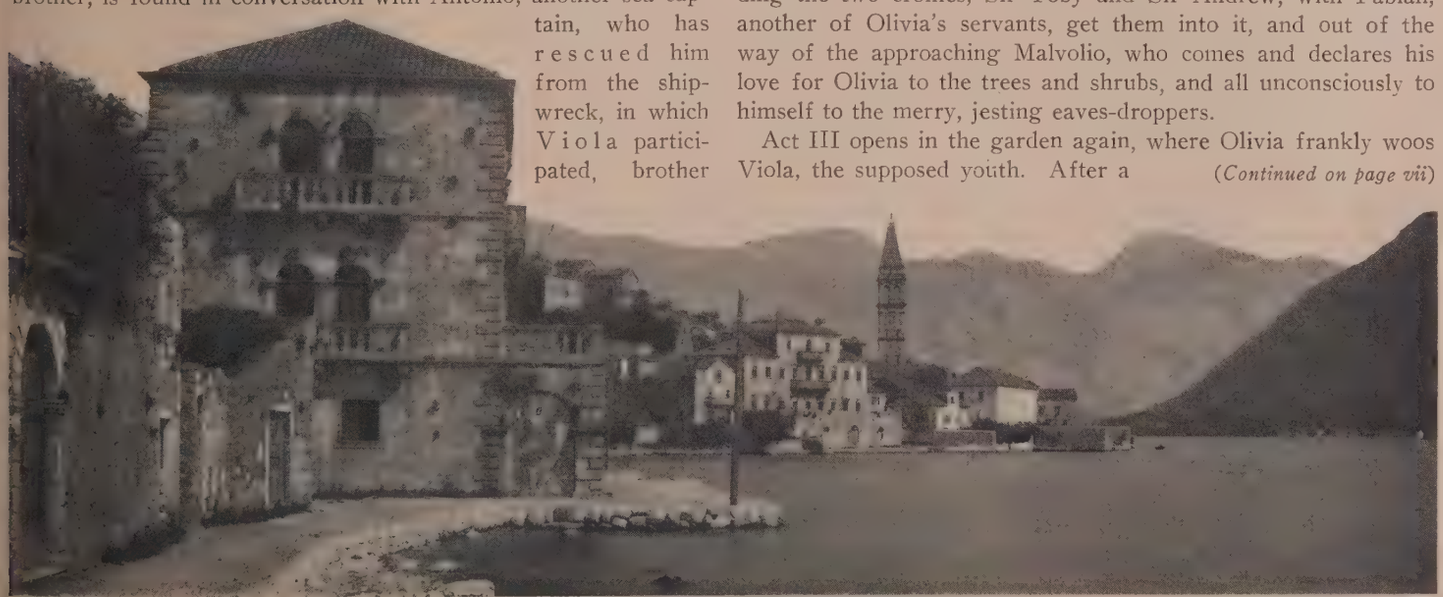
Again the scene shifts to Olivia's house, where Sir Toby Belch and his friend, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, sit drinking and singing. Certainly these are no Illyrian nobles, but a pair of old English knights of the roystering, tippling, Falstaffian type, even as their names would indicate, although the other characters have quite Italian names. Malvolio wears a chain; Sir Toby bids him "go rub your chain with crums," and this chain of silver or gold was the ancient badge of a steward, and one of the ways of cleaning plate at that period was by "rubbing it with crums." These English touches whether or not one consider them anachronisms, supply comedy.

A DALMATIAN STREET

The following scene, in the Duke's palace, shows a truly mediæval court, with musicians, and Feste, the Jester, summoned to enliven the love-sick master of the court. Here allusions to his lady's "quantity of dirty lands, the parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her," establish Olivia as an heiress, although the Duke hastens to assert that these count for nothing with him.

Olivia's garden, the setting for the next and fifth scene in Act II, was doubtless on the plan of the Italian gardens at that period. Their counterparts may be found to-day in this Dalmatian country, with the clipped trees and shrubs, the terraces, fountains and flowers suitable to the home of a wealthy heiress. Maria, the maid to Olivia, speaks of a box-tree, bidding the two cronies, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, with Fabian, another of Olivia's servants, get them into it, and out of the way of the approaching Malvolio, who comes and declares his love for Olivia to the trees and shrubs, and all unconsciously to himself to the merry, jesting eaves-droppers.

Act III opens in the garden again, where Olivia frankly woos Viola, the supposed youth. After a *(Continued on page vii)*



A DALMATIAN RESIDENCE (ILLYRIA)

Early Feminine Dramatists

DURING the later Elizabethan period, and until the end of the seventeenth century, overlapping the Restoration, the most remunerative expression of literary art was found in the drama. Playwrights of all sorts and conditions abounded, but many of their works are so dead that bibliographers can trace them only in name. This is peculiarly true of the women dramatists, whose achievements were followed, without exception, by speedy oblivion.

A chronological list of those who thus flourished and faded includes nine names: Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke (1552-1622); Lady Elizabeth Carew (born in 1590); Mrs. Catharine Philips (1631-1664); Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle (1624-1674); Mrs. Frances Boothby, a contemporary; Mrs. Aphra Behn (1640-1689); Mrs. Mary Pix (1660-1710); Mrs. de la Rivière Manley (1672-1724), and Mrs. Catharine Cockburn (1679-1749). Representing social influence, rank, beauty, wealth and intellect, these aspirants desired not money so much as fame, and their imitation of the Virgin Queen was the sincerest flattery; for Elizabeth did not despise the pen, but by her personal example and encouragement gave a stimulus to art and letters of every description.

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE
From the picture by Mark Gerards, in the collection of Sir John Shelley Sidney, Bart

A salient reason for the remarkable fecundity of this period was the Reformation and its results. The Bible, a most powerful quickener to the imagination, then had been placed for the first time within universal reach; and the golden stores of Italy and Greece, provided by translations from Tasso, Boccaccio, Ariosto, Homer, Petrarch, Dante, Machiavel, and Plutarch, ordered by Elizabeth, furnished character and plot for British ingenuity to elaborate.

Amidst those strenuous influences flourished Mary Sidney, daughter of Sir Henry Sidney, Viceroy of Ireland, afterwards Countess of Pembroke. She was the inspirer of the famous Sir Philip Sidney's remarkable prose romance, "Arcadia," and the author's quaint dedication reads: "To my dear Lady and Sister, the Countess of Pembroke." Although designated by Milton, "A vain and amatorious poem," this composition, nevertheless, was widely popular and influential in its day, and marked a distinct advance.

Directly descended from Gundreda, the daughter of William the Conqueror, whose tomb bears the peculiar inscription: "Mary to her God, Martha to her Neighbor," she was born at Penshurst Place, in Kent. Niece of that Leicester whom a queen did not disdain to love, and wife of Pembroke, the sun of royal favor and the truncheon of an earldom, enlivened her pathway to fame. England's chief poets lauded her intellect, and Churchyard, Straddling, Fraunce, Nash, Morley, Daniel (Poet-Laureate to Elizabeth), and Spenser, all eulogized her in various dedications. So carefully had her education in English poetry, theology and the classics been conducted that she was equally qualified to shine in Court circles, or to engage in discussions with the eminent divines who clustered around Elizabeth's throne. As dramatist and poet, however, Mary Sidney is far more interesting to the scholar than as the panoplied Countess of Pembroke.

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE
From the original picture by A. Diepenbeck, in the collection of Francis V. Wentworth

In 1590 she translated Richard Garnier's French play, entitled "Antonius, or the Tragedie of Marc Antony," mostly in blank verse. It was published two years later, and a copy is still preserved in the British Museum. Shakespeare's commentators declare that he drew his inspiration of Marc Antony from North's Plutarch, but possibly he who borrowed plots from every source and transmuted them by the fire of his genius, and who appropriated her brother's "Arcadia," likewise may have been indebted to the brilliant Countess for his conception of that character. Built on the plan of Seneca—never a favorite to English taste, neither under Sackville's attempts, nor later through Corneille and Racine—this play of "Antony" showed that the translator had been influenced by Donne, Lyly, and their associates, being a pedantic and euphuistic effort, yet a surprising one; not "because it is done well, but that it should be done at all" in an age when a "woman's only virtue" was "to be slow in words," written or spoken. Langbain, in including her name among the dramatists, regrets that he has never seen this work, and Gildon adds, somewhat slightingly, that "it was very well for a lady of those times." There is no record of the public production of this drama, although the erection of seventeen playhouses in London between 1570 and 1629 would indicate that no stage performance, however commonplace, could well escape notice. A company called "The Earl of Pembroke's Players" was formed in 1593, and "Antony" may have been produced by them at Wilton and elsewhere, for actors at that time—usually boys—were in the pay of either the Court or the nobility, and were considered their *servants*.

APHRA BEHN
From a picture by Mary Beale, in the collection of the Duke of Buckingham

Wilton, her country estate, was the scene of her happiest days; it was there she went to dwell as her husband's third wife, and there subsequently she gave birth to two sons; thither she attracted the wit and erudition of the age—such statesmen as Salisbury, Harrington and Essex, and such poets as Spenser, Donne and Raleigh; there, too, in an humble capacity, lived Philip Massinger, the son of her husband's faithful servitor; and there also were performed those famous Masques which diverted contemporary royalty. Of these, Lawes composed the lilting music and "Rare Ben Jonson," the merry quips and grotesque conceits.

She died at her London residence in Aldersgate Street at the age of seventy, having survived her husband twenty years, and was buried in Salisbury Cathedral with distinguished honor, but Ben Jonson's famous epitaph will not be found inscribed on her tomb:

Underneath this sable herse,
Lyes the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister! Pembroke's mother!
Death ere thou hast killed another
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee!

After the painting by Edouard Dubufe

MLLE. RACHEL

This celebrated tragédienne, the greatest actress France has ever produced, was born in 1820, of poor Jewish parents. As a child she had a beautiful voice and was discovered singing in the streets by Choron, who admitted her to his school. Later she lost her voice and studied for the stage. She made her début at the Théâtre Français in 1838, and from that time on scored a triumph in every rôle she undertook. She visited New York in 1855. During her American tour she contracted a severe cold that resulted in her death. She passed away at Cannes in 1858.

Contemporary with the Countess of Pembroke, and similarly adding but a single tragedy to dramatic literature, was Lady Elizabeth Carew, a woman of exceptional talent. Oldys, in his comments on Langbain, asserts that her name should be spelled Cary, and that she was the wife of Sir Henry Cary, third Viscount Falkland, but the given orthography is preferred by Cibber and others. Her tragedy, "Mariamne, or the Faire Queene of Jewry," mainly drawn from Josephus's works, was published in 1600, but there is probably not a single copy of this play in existence, although the chorus in the fourth act, entitled "Revenge of Injuries," has escaped the gnawing tooth of time.

After Lady Elizabeth's death, there followed a long period during which feminine playwrights were conspicuously silent, although the stage was then at the zenith of its glory. During the reign of James I, licenses were granted to Shakespeare, Fletcher, Burbage, Hemings, Condell, and many others. Great dramatic writers continually produced their works, and eagerness for theatrical diversion continued throughout the reigns of James and his successor, Charles I, but in the gloomy days of the Protectorate, the star of the drama set amidst the blood-red clouds in which the throne went down. Not until after the Restoration did women-actors first appear upon the boards, their parts hitherto having been filled by disguised men. The theatres were soon in full blast again, and playwrights quickly sprang up on every side.

Prominent amongst these was Catharine Fowler, the wife of James Philips of Cardigan, best known to fame, perhaps, as "The Matchless Orinda"—a name derived from her writings, "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus" (Sir Charles Cotterel). Born in Wales, she was a contemporary of Cowley, and the object of his extravagant praise.

Tragedy was then in great vogue, and her translation of Corneille's "Horace" won her considerable notice. After her death, Sir John Denham added a fifth act and had it produced at Court. Evelyn's Diary mentions this event (February, 1668.) thus: "I saw the tragedy of 'Horace' (written by the virtuous Mrs. Philips) acted before Their Majesties. Betwixt each act, a masque and antique dance." Pepys writes a year later: "And so to the King's House to see 'Horace.' This is the third day of its acting—a silly tragedy." Another of Corneille's tragedies translated by Mrs. Philips was "Pompey," which was acted at the Duke's Theatre, says Langbain, "with great applause." He adds, "There was usually at the end acted a farce of Sir William D'Avenant's, which you may find in his 'Play-House to Be Lett.'"

Langbain considered her a cold writer, and infinitely preferred Mrs. Behn, in whom he found "both fire and easiness." Roscommon, Flatman, and other eminent poets loudly praised her attainments, and Jeremy Taylor addressed his "Discourse on Friendship" to "Orinda." She died of smallpox at the early age of thirty-one.

Of the same period, and a literary rival, was the celebrated Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, by far the most famous woman of her generation, not only because of her eccentricities of dress, which won her the title of "Mad Madge of Newcastle," but for her versatile literary attainments and her devotion to her husband, the Duke, (who impoverished himself for the cause of the Stuarts) in an age when loyalty of any kind was rare. Born the daughter of Thomas Lucas of Colchester, she was married early in life to the Marquis of Newcastle, created Duke by Charles II in 1664. They met in Paris while she was Maid of Honor to the Queen Mother, Henrietta Maria, and were married there. It was a genuine love match, although she was his second wife, and the poverty of their early married life was a touching picture of mutual attachment. The Duke also was a dramatist of no mean order, and supplemented many of her plays with prologues, epilogues, epithalamia, lyrics, and often whole scenes.

The London edition of her dramas—almost thirty comedies and tragedies—contains the full-length portrait by Diepenbeck, which illustrates this article. These plays possess all sorts of contradictory titles; for instance, "Religions, A Tragi-comedy". . . "The Convent of Pleasure. A

(Continued on page vi)

Sarony

IVY TROUTMAN
Who played Nora Hildreth in "After Five"

Marie Hudspeth Cecilia Radclyffe Winifred Fraser Marguerite Clark

Act I—Prunella guarded by her aunts

Marguerite Clark
Ernest Glendinning

Act I—Pierrot discovered by Prunella

Act II—Prunella: "Let me stay"

Act. II—"I am Pierrette!"

Act II—The serenade. Prunella: "Is it the world calling to me?"

Act. III—Prunella returns to the desolate garden

Photos White

SCENES IN "PRUNELLA" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

Photos Copyright Lizzie Caswall Smith
AS HAMLET

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON

AS CÆSAR

An Optimist of the Stage

MARBLE BUST OF FORBES-ROBERTSON
By Emil Füchs

THE fires of enthusiasm die down."

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, knighted for the splendor of his attainments as the foremost actor of the English stage, leaned back in his easy chair beside the hotel window that looked out upon crashing, clashing, myriad chorussed Broadway and smiled. I, who wrote this, am not young, but the greatest English actor made me feel very young. I had asked him whether he had the zeal of some great actors to carry the torch to light other feet along dark stageways, in other words, to teach the art of acting, the practice of which he will abandon after this, his genuine, un-Bernhardt-like farewell tour.

"No," he answered, teaching me how gentle that barrier-like monosyllable may be.

"But when invited, urged, won't you lecture on dramatic art, give the younger generation the inspiration of hearing and seeing you?" I had insisted. And again he had smiled and answered with the unfailing gentleness of the man who played in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" as no one else of his generation could have played it:

"No—at least, not often."

Then out of that characteristic, womanlike sweetness, which is the grace of some great-souled men, he had answered the question in my eyes which my lips had not framed: "After awhile the fires of enthusiasm die down."

That afternoon he had been the guest of honor at a reception which opened the handsome new memorial theatre to Sam Shubert, and he had said with the deference he always shows an audience: "I am taking my farewell because I wish to leave you while my powers are still unimpaired."

The artist in him spoke. He did not wish to be remembered as one whose power had abated one jot or tittle. He wanted his public to remember him in full physical vigor, in splendid dramatic attainment, as a planet at the highest point in the heavens, not one fading into the world's far rim. No vanity prompted this, for if ever a man was without it, it is this knight of England. Not vanity, but a sense of artistic fitness, and, besides, that soul-fire which is enthusiasm, is, he told me, dying down.

"I have been on the stage for forty years," he said, still with a bit of the smile, like an afterglow, lingering on his fine, strong features. "It is but right that I and others like me make way for the younger generation."

"We would be glad to have you with us for another twenty years," I said, and again his smile made me feel that just then, at least, I had the perspective of youth.

"We would like to know how you will employ all the energies that you have been giving to the stage."

"I shall paint some pictures," he said, and the kindling, sudden light in his eyes made me doubt his words. Here was still fire; here was still enthusiasm. "I was a painter before I was an actor. I loved the studio and the canvas, the easel and brushes. But we were a large family, and the returns were very slow. It takes a long time to become a painter. That was the only reason I went upon the stage, to make a living the sooner and better for myself and some of my family."

"If you had gone on painting would you have gone so far? Are two equal talents given to any man?"

"I don't know," he answered slowly. "I don't know." In the sunset glow that was softening garish Broadway he seemed to be musing on that question and seeking an answer.

Was it possible that England's foremost actor regretted forsaking his studio? Many dreams of what he might have done with brush and crayon have haunted him through all the years of his eminence on the stage?

"And beside the painting and your family and social life?"

"I hope to be useful in several other directions."

Silence that held an unspoken question followed. His spirit

heard that question. "I would rather not tell of my hopes and plans quite yet," he said. The smile was still there. No one smiles in quite the gently pervasive, heart-warming way as does the favorite actor, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

"Let us take a look backward," I suggested, "and a glance forward."

"Everything is better," he said. Those who want the old days may have them." He dismissed the yearners for old conditions with a slight wave of a pale, thin, sensitive hand.

"When I went on the stage the character of acting was for the most part crude. There were a few giants in those days. More than to-day, I admit. But the average of acting is far, far higher."

"Is there hope of more giants and giantesses?"

"Hope, but not certainty," rejoined Sir Johnston. "A giant is pinnacle. If the surrounding country is higher the mountain peaks are less conspicuous. But we don't need the giants so much as we do a constantly rising average of acting. Fortunately, there will always be producers who will point the way to better things. In my beginnings as an actor there were the Bancrofts, Squire Bancroft and Mrs. Bancroft. The trouble with acting in that time was that in too many cases it was farcically unnatural. The mirrors held up to nature were too often like the freakish mirrors I have seen in front of a theatre in New York. One of the mirrors makes you look tall and thin with an unearthly tallness and thinness. The other gives you the proportions of a frog. A great deal of acting in the old times was like that. It did not reflect nature. It distorted it."

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LADY FORBES-ROBERTSON AS DESDEMONA

"Some lovers of the stage grieve that none can render classic lines as they should be read. They complain that Shakespeare is not read as he should be."

"I don't think so. Many actors read Shakespeare's lines exceedingly well."

"You are an optimist."

Sir Johnston did not deny it.

"Are you one by nature, or have you trained yourself to believe that all things work together for good?"

"I became one by watching the development of the world's affairs and seeing that everything is working toward a better state, because most people want to do what is right. Don't you think so?"

"I believe the world is better than it is bad."

"Actors are recruited from better classes continually," he went on. "In character as well as equipment they are greatly improved. Productions were meagre when I began. They would have been laughably bad they not been sadly so. Now they are magnificently adequate."

"Or overwhelmingly extravagant?"

"There may be a tendency that way," he assented, "but that, too, will adjust itself; I see signs of it. The stage was in no respect better then, save for the giants, Edmund Kean, Charles Macready, and my great master, Samuel Phelps. In every other respect it is now incomparably better. The field of the drama is wider. It reflects the life of to-day. There are more dramatists."

"Everyone has a dearest wish for the future of his profession. What is yours?"

"Everything is working along very well," said the unvanquishable optimist. "The theatre will work out its salvation in its own way in any event. But I should like to see municipal theatres. I think they would help toward that end.

"Such theatres should be owned by the cities and directed by competent persons with ideals and knowledge of the stage, and they should produce the best. Every good thing requires fostering and nurturing. Such an institution would have to have aid. But all such theatres have been successful and have stood for the best. The Théâtre Français is a model. I should like to see what corresponds to the Théâtre Français."

"And schools?"

"Yes, I believe in schools. But there are good schools. I am interested in one which Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree started in London and which we took over and enlarged. We think it is doing a good work for the younger generation of actors. It is known simply as The School of Dramatic Art."

"In what country do you think the stage will reach its supreme height?"

"That is difficult," he mused.

"In the United States?" The query was prompted by fond if fatuous Americanism. But the English actor-knight was no time serving visitor.

"I doubt it," he returned, "because you have not that institution which I think is the greatest force for stage betterment, the actor-manager. You have one here who is a genius. That wonderful man, Belasco, seems to belong to no country. He is a world genius. You have E. H. Sothern and you had Richard Mansfield. But we have many actor-managers. They must know enough of the business side of the stage to make money, because they cannot go on without making money. They must make money to live and for the life of their undertakings. But it is not with them a chief ambition. They know their theatre well, better than any business man, no matter how broad his sympathies nor fine his tastes can know it."

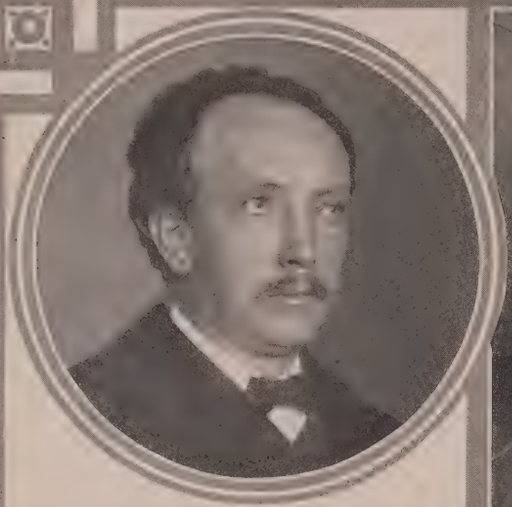
"Have not France and Germany that necessary institution?"

"Not so many. France has Guitry, a remarkable man. Sarah Bernhardt has been an actor—mark that he did not say actress-manager—for many years, ever since she left the Théâtre Français."

"Then you think England will have the greatest stage of the future?"

A thoughtful inclination of the head and a gracious speech:

"The conditions are more favorable (*Continued on page viii*)



RICHARD STRAUSS

SCENE IN STRAUSS' OPERA "DER ROSENKAVALIER"

Strauss' Opera "Der Rosenkavalier"

EVA PLASCHKE-VON DER OSTEN
Who created the rôle of the Cavalier of the Rose in Dresden and in London and whose interpretation has never been surpassed

IT seems strange that the "Rosenkavalier," which was first produced in Dresden in 1911, and has subsequently been played on almost all European stages of any repute, should until this season have remained unheard in New York, a metropolis which prides itself on being one of the principal musical centres of the world. Even London, with its acknowledged conservatism, has beaten us this time, there having been given at Covent Garden last winter a German performance of the work in which several of the principal artists of the original cast took part. The reason for this dilatoriness on the part of New York was said to be the high price demanded by Dr. Strauss for the rights of the production, but when one recalls the immense salaries which our operatic impresarios pay singers, this hardly seems an adequate excuse.

However, the present season at the Metropolitan is to afford an opportunity for hearing this much-discussed opera, which, at the time of its first production, the German critics declared to be "a triumph of art." In Germany it has since been played oftener and with more success than any of Strauss' other operas. Remembering the vicissitudes of the same composer's "Salome," it is possible that his later work may shock the New York public, being laid in a coarse age and a realistic picture of its time, presenting details not always in accordance with modern susceptibilities and taste. Some critics would have our present-day refinement applied to all plays of any period, and the difference of period merely made evident by variety of dress and headgear. Yet these same critics do not shudder at the license of a Hogarth, but merely take its vagaries as of the time, and they sit with great complacency through many Wagnerian scenes, such as that of the Venusburg, which, considered from a moral standpoint, is far more calculated to bring blushes to the cheek of modesty.

Dr. Strauss is reported to have said that he had achieved what he had been trying to do for twenty-five years; that is, to compose a light opera in the manner of Mozart. One of the most striking features of the opera is the number of waltzes it contains, and in the whole score, which is full of brightness and melody, the composer of "Salome" and "Elektra" has shown his wonderful versatility. At the time of its production the London *Times* said: "This last work of Strauss contains some of the most beautiful music the composer has yet written. The style alternates between the extreme simplicity and Dr. Strauss' wonted complexity. In a work of this character the representative theme has not the same importance as elsewhere, but the most distinctive phrases can be traced without much labor, and they form a large part of the musical texture. Octavian's theme is the purest Strauss, and conveys ingeniously in two bars the dash and tenderness of the character. Sophia's theme is colorless.

There are two graceful melodies, which seem to belong to the Field Marshall's wife. The Baron's love-song bears a resemblance to Falstaff's music (Verdi). Another of the themes reminds one strongly of Sancho Panza's in the

KARL SCHEIDEMANTEL
Creator of the rôle of Faninal. A Bayreuth singer and Dresden's never-to-be-forgotten Hans Sachs

composer's 'Don Quixote.' The work is full of exuberant vitality and freshness of invention. About one-fifth of the music is waltz rhythm, of which Dr. Strauss shows great mastery." The Berlin *Börsen Courrier* said: "Sceptics were converted, opponents overwhelmed. It is not only the Mozartian grace, the Viennese love of the waltz, the melodious purity, the unexpectedly simple presentation, in a setting of rich orchestral tone; it is the musically turning back to independent song and to ensemble art with new and light-sounding means."

The first performance of this "Komodie für Musik," as the authors describe it, took place at the Royal Opera House, Dresden, on January 26th, with all the *éclat* that has marked the début on the operatic stage of each of Strauss' works. The comedy is a love story in three acts, the scene being laid in Vienna during the reign of Maria Theresa, about the middle of the eighteenth century. It is the joint work of Dr. Strauss and Herr Hugo von Hoffmansthal, who were also responsible for "Elektra." There are eight principal rôles and more than twenty others, which include minor parts for eight tenors, eight bassos, and two alto voices.

The Cavalier of the Rose is a young man named Octavian, who is appointed in accordance with the custom of the time, to convey the love token to the bride-elect. The composer's reason for assigning the hero's part to a female voice is apparent in the first act. The scene on which the curtain first rises is the bed-chamber of Princess Werdenberg, wife of Field Marshal Prince Werdenberg. The Field Marshal is absent on military duty. The Princess is *en déshabille*, and a young lad, Octavian, who is only a little over seventeen years old, is in the room with her. The two sing a duet, *Why Is It Day?* A little negro boy brings in the early breakfast, and the first waltz is now played by the orchestra. During the solo by Octavian, which next follows, a commotion is heard in the corridor. Is it caused by the return of the Prince? Fearing this, and while the second waltz is being played, Octavian dives behind the screen, to return shortly after in the dress of a lady's maid. Instead of the Prince it is Baron Ochs von Lerchenau, a cousin of the Princess—a degraded kind of Falstaff and, in fact, an altogether odious character—who considers he is demeaning himself by marrying Sophie von Faninal, daughter of a wealthy and recently ennobled army contractor. He has come, however, to ask the Princess to recommend a well-born gentleman to convey his love token—a silver rose—to the bride-elect. The Baron is immediately struck with the maid's good looks, and begins to make love to her without delay. The three sing a trio, and the Baron, before he ultimately departs, plans a meeting with the Princess' supposed servant. While the Princess is recommending Octavian to the Baron for the office of the "Rosenkavalier," many callers arrive, as well as numerous applicants for the Princess' favors. Among them are three noble orphans, who have come to ask for charity, (*Continued on page viii*)

ACT I—THE PRINCESS AND HER LOVER

ACT II—IN THE HOUSE OF HERR VON FANINAL

Strindberg—The Swedish Titan

THE "intellectual drama" is to be represented this season by one or two interesting yet little known plays by the now fashionable Strindberg. These performances will be preliminary, as in the case of Brieux's "Damaged Goods" to regular public performances. It will be interesting to note how local playgoers will take to these exhibitions of high literature in the theatre after the recent setback experienced by sensational theme plays having little or no claim to literary merit.

The Strindberg movement in this country is of only recent birth. Edith and Warner Oland are among those who have helped it most efficiently by battling for the "Swedish Titan," both in books and on the stage. The second volume of Strindberg's plays in their translation appeared a few months ago, and a third one is scheduled to be brought out this winter. Others have followed in the footsteps of these two pioneers. Holbrook Blinn has shown a keen though rather secretive interest in the production of the Swede's shorter plays. Under Mary Shaw's direction, and with Frank Reicher's assistance, several matinées were given last April and May at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre of "Countess Julie," the strongest and longest one-act play ever written.

AUGUST STRINDBERG

Little more than a year ago, August Strindberg died in his native Stockholm. Strangely enough, his death was somewhat of a signal for the English-speaking public to take notice of the outpourings of his gigantic mind; and several years after France and Germany had hailed him as one of the most powerful and most startling geniuses of the age, English translators started to acquaint both England and America with his work.

There is a reason for the greater public's frown upon Strindberg's plays. They are what George Bernard Shaw mildly calls "unpleasant." They are much worse and much better than unpleasant. They are the wild, passionate crusades of a loyal soul, bruised and torn by all the most contradictory influences against the evils he saw in society, family, surroundings, heredity, education and the conventional standards of morality. They never in any case constitute a cheerful evening's entertainment, but they carry, each of them in their way, a message to those who are not only seeking an idle pastime when they go to the play.

Strindberg's tendencies were in many points diametrically opposed to Ibsen's. The miserable experiences of his own life had taught him to consider woman the worst foe of man, and her influence upon him evil and demoralizing. When the great Norwegian wrote his plays with many interesting women for central figures, Strindberg took it almost as a personal insult, accused Ibsen of woman worship, and let his outraged feelings drive him to violent attacks against the calm rock of Ibsen's genius. In spite of this hostility, none admired Strindberg more profoundly—having the clear judgment and vast understanding of true greatness—than Ibsen himself. He had a photograph of the Swede standing on his work table, and he frequently used to point at it and say:

"This man will be greater than I."

Superior minds sometimes know their own value precisely as history establishes it long after. Thus Goethe once said: "Shakespeare towers far above us all, and after Shakespeare come I." In many scores of years history may accept Ibsen's appreciation of Strindberg as correct.

We are still too close to the Swede to see his greatness as well as his defects. Some of us have met him on his wanderings through Germany, Switzerland and France, and our impressions of the man are too personal to allow independence to our judgment. He had an unusual gift of leaving pronounced impressions upon whoever came in contact with him. His personality seemed to call forth almost instant admiration or as decided disapproval. Within our age there has not lived as wildly tormented a human soul as Strindberg's—at least, not among those whom we know. There are doubtless many obscure men and women whose hell begins on earth. But a brain as perfectly constituted for self-torture as Strindberg's is, fortunately, a rare thing. Many people have believed him insane, and in some instances there were good reasons for such belief. Genius always borders on insanity, and often Strindberg's genius led him along the dangerous paths of high speculation into the treacherous regions of hallucination. With cruel preciseness he has analyzed the phases of his fevered, unhappy existence in the many volumes of his autobiography, beginning with the pathetic "The Servant-Woman's Son," continued in "The Author," "The Evolution of a Soul," "The Confession of a Fool," "Inferno," "Legends," "Rupture," and ending with "Alone," the purest, most painful, most complete document of a human soul searching for Truth ever written.

"Searching for God and finding the devil! That is what happened to me!" he says in "Inferno."

And truly, if ever a man was torn between the desire for Heaven and the love of earth, Strindberg was that man. He was born in 1849. The father, a well-to-do man of good standing and lineage; the mother, an inn-servant, of whom the elder Strindberg had twelve children, three of which were born when he married her. The birth of August coincided with the loss of the father's fortune, and his youth was therefore beset with all the squalid difficulties of sudden, unaccustomed poverty. From his father he inherited his instincts of sensuousness, his appetite for pleasure; from his mother, his extreme imaginative qualities, a nervous system all too highly strung, a tendency toward mysticism,—all the sensitive, romantic sides of his nature. At the age of fifteen, he was attracted by the pietist movement which, at that time, agitated all Sweden, but when he read books of religious criticism—among them Renan's "Life of Jesus"—the rationalist ideas appealed to him instantly. They freed him of his religious terrors, of his mad superstitions, and swept away the resistance he had endeavored to offer to Life and to Joy. Yet, scruples beset him to abandon the narrow creed in which he had been brought up, and he admitted to a friend:

"My new conscience tells me that I am right, and my old that I am wrong. Shall I never be able to find peace?"

Critical as his mind was, he could not overcome his "longing for Heaven, which was born in him." Nor did the attacks of profound mysticism to which he was given, at any time veil his reasoning faculties so completely as to bring him relief from the ever-seething combat of his dual personality. Through all the slavery that his senses subjected him to, he always felt the sweet and cruel sting of regret for pure love, for high and chaste ideals.

From one of his periods of mysticism, that Swedenborg's influence had brought over him, he was awakened by the reading of the German Eduard von Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious." The theory that "everything is nothing" and that

Scenes in "The Girl and the Pennant" Recently at the Lyric Theatre

Photos White

Florence Reed William Courtenay
Act. I. The enthusiastic Eagles cheer their "Lady Magness"

William Courtenay Florence Reed
Act I. The indignant lady owner decides to hold the team

Florence Reed William Courtenay
Act IV. Copley (Mr. Courtenay): "Is there someone else you love?"

"nothing has a definite aim" appealed to him vastly; and, strangely enough, threw him into one of the most effectively creative periods of his life.

Great books were written then: "The Red Chamber," one of the most important pamphlets of our time, against commonly respected institutions and pernicious traditions of morality, which he flayed with unquestionable conviction and daring vigor. His pessimism in this book is less of a philosophical system than the virile revolt of all that was strong and vital in him, eager for freedom and the joy of life, against all that oppresses and dejects humanity.

A second book followed, "On the Open Sea." Here, in the form of a novel—whose main figure, Dr. Borg, is a self-portrait of the author—he stigmatizes the evil influences of surroundings upon the individual. He had been studying Jean-Jacques Rousseau while living in Switzerland, and had made his own the French philosopher's theory that Man is good, and that Society is responsible for all evil.

He acquainted himself with the systems of Fourrière and Saint-Simon, those French commentators of the German Karl Marx, founder of modern socialism. The ideal of communism, free love, education of the children by the State—all the old ideas of Plato modernized—enchanted Strindberg in his never-tiring search for the Truth. But when the Socialist Party of Sweden tried to enroll him and to dictate to him what he should say and what he had better leave unsaid, his aristocratic mind refused the tyranny and considered that theoretical socialism was by far preferable to practical, militant socialism.

During his sojourn in Switzerland, and later in Paris, Strindberg wrote his famous "Utopia in the Reality," a much-valued "Introduction to a Unitarian Chemistry," and a strangely beautiful book of observations in the field of natural history, "Sylva Sylvarum."

He had, to a degree, returned to the faith of his childhood, and from that time on all his work—less tumultuous and more mature—is permeated with a gentle belief in God. He recognizes that doubt is sterile and destructive, and even though one never discerns one's own faith clearly, it is good to believe in something. He wants Providence substituted to Destiny, and somewhere he says:

"I conceive a conscious, personal being that directs my life. In other terms, I believe in God, without knowing exactly what I mean by that." This reflects the notion that he was an atheist.

One of Strindberg's most characteristic and most generally known traits is his aversion against women. Yet the deeper meaning of his feminine characters, especially in his plays, may sometimes have been misunderstood. In one of his most famous plays, for instance, in "Countess Julie," the woman is not nearly as base and vile as the man. And even what baseness may be hers is clearly shown to be the result of heredity and education.

Sarony

AN ACTOR AND HIS FAMILY
William Faversham, his wife (Julie Opp) and their two little sons

Personally, Strindberg had experienced much unhappiness through women, as he relates extensively in his autobiography, which is so unique a document of human misery that nothing in literature may be compared to it, except possibly Rousseau's classic "Confessions." Strindberg's motive in baring his soul in public seems to spring from the same source as Rousseau's: a morbid, aggressive pride that dispenses with all sense of shame, a desire to help others through lessons and examples, and perhaps also did he yield to the sort of psychological necessity for confession that Tolstoi felt.

Strindberg was married three times, and three times divorced. Upon his intensely impressive mind all his great hopes and greater disillusions left deep marks—for Strindberg was uncommonly well equipped for suffering. As he was an essentially subjective writer, his works naturally attest his own intimate feelings, and those who know the cause of his scorn for women, his deep-rooted, sad distrust of them, will judge him indulgently for giving it such persistent expression in his literary work. Besides, there are such lessons contained in Strindberg's books and plays that every man should study them and learn many a thing. Every woman, too, whose sense of discrimination is not entirely drowned in her militant love for the sex.

No fiercer a woman-hater was there ever than Nietzsche, who says: "When you go to a woman, do not forget the whip!" And yet his largest reading public is constituted by women. So why should they shun Strindberg? Is he too far beyond the reach of their intellect? Not any further than Nietzsche, assuredly. But he is harsh and naturalistic in expression and entirely lacks the wonderful Olympic poesy of Nietzsche. That may be a reason.

It is interesting to see how these two giant contemporaries stood toward each other.

Strindberg, eager to absorb all the

(Continued on page ix)

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Early Feminine Dramatists

(*Continued from page* 196)

Comedy" . . . "Youth's Glory and Death's Banquet, a Tragedy," to which the Duke added two scenes. He also collaborated with her in "Public Wooing" . . . "Love's Adventures," and other comedies, and in the tragedies, "Bell in Campo" and "The Unnatural Tragedy." The biography of her husband, written both in English and Latin, is pompously entitled "The Life of the Thrice Noble, High and Puissant Prince, William Cavendish" (with his various titles), "written by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious and Excellent Princess, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, his wife," but such was the extravagant style of the times. Wrote Pepys of this remarkable work: "Staid at home reading the rediculous History of My Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, rediculous woman, and he an asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him." The pages of both Evelyn and Pepys abound in allusions to her dress and deportment, her prestige as a social leader, and her vogue as a writer of verse and plays. Their runnings to and fro to obtain glimpses of her through coach windows are distinctly ludicrous, and Evelyn compares her to all the heroines of ancient and modern history, from Zenobia down through a list of saints and queens and courtesans, to the estimable daughter of Sir Thomas Moore.

Upon the reopening of the theatres after the Restoration, the stage became the vehicle for the grossest immoralities, and both sexes vied in literary competition. Among these experimental playwrights was Mrs. Frances Boothby, who wrote a single play, entitled "Marcelia, or the Treacherous Friend—a Tragi-Comedy," produced about 1670. Oblivion's gentle density shrouds this author's life and work, but she may have been completely overshadowed by the versatile Duchess and the notorious Mrs. Aphra Behn.

Mrs. Behn was born at Canterbury, the daughter of a Mr. Johnson, who became the Governor of Surinam; where she resided for awhile, and where she became acquainted with Prince Oroonoko, about whom she wrote a novel which afterwards suggested to Southerne his tragedy of "Oroonoko." In her youth she was greatly admired for her beauty, and subsequently for her attainments. Although called "the female Wycherley," it was under the pseudonym of "Astraea" that she became celebrated; Pope having rebuked the licentiousness of her pen in the familiar couplet beginning, "The Stage, how loosely does Astraea tread." Charles II, in his endeavor to conform the conversation. taste and style of his Court to that of Louis XIV, opened the door very wide to literary effort upon the French models; which may partially account for Mrs. Behn's success during her lifetime. Cibber mentions a revival of her "Abdelazar" at the opening of a theatre in the Tennis-Court (1690) as a failure, showing that the desire for more chaste dramas had set in. Her plays were all written between 1670 and 1690, and numbered seventeen, of which the first was "Forced Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom," and "The Feigned Courtezans, or a Night's Intreague," was considered the best. She published also three volumes of poems and numerous novels and works of history, and enjoyed the esteem of Dryden, Swift and other men of pronounced genius. Her flagrant plagiarisms did not interfere with her popularity, for the plots and situations of her plays were drawn from every imaginable source except her own mind, and comprised a list of thefts from Marlowe, Molière, Shirley, Broom, Wilkins, and Calpranades. She was the first English woman who earned money by her pen. Mrs. Behn's fame and merit entitled her to burial in Westminster Abbey, among the illustrious British dead, where the stone which marks her tomb is engraven with the graceful epitaph:

"Here lies a proof that wit can never be
Defence enough against Mortalitie."

Mrs. de la Riiere Manley was the successor of "the divine Astraea," and was equally as notorious. She was born in the island of Guernsey while her father, a zealous Royalist, was Governor there. He was an author of reputation and wrote the first volume of "The Turkish Spy" (almost as much disputed as "The Letters of Junius"), so the daughter inherited her literary gifts. Early in life she was cheated into a bigamous marriage with a near relative of the same name, and when finally deserted by him was taken up by the infamous Duchess of Cleveland, whose

(*Continued on page x*)

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Shakespeare Sets His Stage

(*Continued from page* 193)

scene in a room in Olivia's house, the third scene in a street again introduces Sebastian and his friend, Captain Antonio. They have thus arrived in the city of Duke Orsino's court, and give some further descriptions of this Illyrian capital, mentioning "the memorials and things of fame that do renown this city." This might be said of various cities of this region; of Fiume, with its traces of Roman occupation in the shape of an arch, fragments of wall, etc., of Spalato, built inside the walls of the Emperor Diocletian's palace: Zara, with its nearby ruin; or Pola, with its well-preserved Roman amphitheatre, its Roman arches and gateways.

Antonio tells Sebastian that he does "not without danger walk these streets," and shows his familiarity with the city by further suggesting that "in the south suburbs, at the Elephant is best to lodge." He is in reality recommending no suburban inn of an Illyrian town, but an old London inn, which now boasts that it is mentioned in Shakespeare.

In the fourth act we have a description of Olivia's house. It has "bay windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony." Old annotators have given some interesting information as to the derivation of the name bay window. One says they were so called "because they occupied a whole bay or space between two cross beams in a building," while another says it was due to the fact that "it is builded in manner of a bay, or road for ships, *i. e.*, round. The use of the term "clear stories" might indicate that Olivia's house was large and high; the word is usually employed only in descriptions of churches or lofty halls, but Randle Holme, in his Academy of Armory, states that "clear story windows are such windows that have no transum or crosspiece in the middle to break the same into two lights." Such extensive glass windows are another indication of the lady's wealth, as is her gift of a pearl to Sebastian, whom she believes the disguised Viola.

There is but one scene to Act V, in the street before Olivia's house. Indeed, almost all the scenes are laid in the streets of the Illyrian city, or in the popular resort, Olivia's garden. Narrow, indeed, must these streets have been, as one sees in the present-day cities of Dalmatia. In Spalato no carriage may pass within its walls; Zara, aside from the broad sea front, has no wide thoroughfares, although Fiume is so modernized that little trace of the old remains. Here in the city street the various complications of the drama are settled.

Acording to Singer, "the plot of this admirable comedy appears to have been taken from the second tale in a collection by Barnaby Riche, entitled "Riche, His Farewell to the Militarie Profession," which was first printed in 1583. It is probably borrowed from "Les Histoires Tragiques de Belleforest." He further remarks that "an incident somewhat similar to that of the Duke sending his page to plead his cause with the lady, and the lady falling in love with the page, may be found in the fifth eglog of Barnaby Googe, published with his poems in 1583."

In Manningham's diary, found by Hunter among the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum, there is this note of a production of Shakespeare's play at the barristers' feast at the Middle Temple: "February, 1601. At our feast wee had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will, much like The Comedy of Errors, or Menechim in Plautus, but most like and neare to that in Italian called Inganni. A god practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counter fayting a letter, as from his lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture, in smiling, his apparaile, etc., and then when he came to practise making him believe they took him to be mad."

There were at least two Italian plays with the title: "*Gli 'Inanni*," the first by Nicolo Secchi, published in 1562, the second by Curzio Gonzaga, published in 1592. In these a brother has a sister so like him that when she assumes male attire she is taken for him. Another Italian play, "*Gl'Ingannati*," printed in 1585, contains still more points of resemblance to "Twelfth Night."

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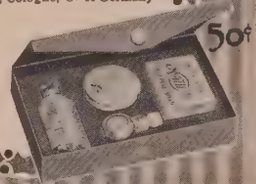

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An Optimist of the Stage

(*Continued from page* 199)

for it for the reason I have given, the actor-manager. No bombastic assumptions of the greater excellence that comes or should come with greater years in national life.

"The people's taste will regulate the theatre everywhere and bring it to its best," began the distinguished optimist.

"Then why not eliminate the censor?" I dared to interrupt.

"A lot of us want to." His reply was illuminated by his rarely sweet smile. "We think we will, or the people will. We of England are slow about everything. We were the last to adopt the automobile, the last to introduce the aeroplane."

I asked him what he thought the most encouraging sign of the times in regard to the drama.

"It is that the theatre is no longer a mere means of amusement," he said. "I used to be laughed at when I said that the stage should be an educational force. But it has become that. Perhaps it has not given a good education as yet, for it has merely given a wide knowledge of life."

The greatest Hamlet leaned forward and clasped his hands between his knees. "That education which increases knowledge and trains the mind is useful, but the education which does these and develops character is the good one. I foresee that the stage of the future will do that."

"Please look backward again and tell me what is the pleasantest memory of your forty years on the stage."

He stood with his hand on the knob of the door, toward which I had moved. "I wonder," he said, his head bent in thought.

"You told me once that it was when you gave a professional matinée of 'Hamlet' in New York that your fellow players praised you."

"There is no praise so sweet as that from a fellow craftsman," he said.

"But, was it not rather the time when the people of London waited all day before the Drury Lane Theatre to see your last performance of 'Hamlet'?"

"No. That was my last appearance in London, and there was much sadness in it. Finality is always sad. But such a parting is not so sad to me as the thought of dying in the harness. Some want to go that way. I do not."

I told him of the picture Sarah Bernhardt had drawn to me of death as she hoped it would come to her.

"Not on the stage. *Non. Non.!* It shall be at home, probably at Belle Island and in my garden. I should want my family about me, my hands in theirs. I should like to pass away as easily and naturally as the scent of flowers in autumn."

"Yes," said Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's lips. "Yes," more eloquently said his eyes, and the smile that played over his lean face and ascetic features as a spring sunshine over a bleak landscape that made him at sixty-one seem scarce fifty. I should like to remember such a smile as my last glimpse of the greatest actor of the British Empire.

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"DER ROSENKAVALIER"

(*Continued from page* 201)

and who are repeatedly interrupted by the entrance of the dressmaker. There also appear upon the scene a man named Valzacchi, and his female companion, Annani, who, it seems, are proprietors of the *Schwarze Zeitung*, and keen recipients of gossip of any sort, especially matrimonial. A flute player and a tenor singer amuse the Princess while her hair is being curled. The Baron and his suite return during the song, and the former squabbles with the Notary over the marriage settlement, which causes the *Schwarze Zeitung* couple to offer their services to the Baron. As soon as Ochs takes his second departure there ensues a love scene between the Princess and Octavian, in which the Field Marshall's wife tells him that she will allow him to carry the silver rose to Sophie, though she knows what will happen in consequence.

The scene of Act II takes place in the house of Herr von Faninal, newly ennobled, though certainly not one of Nature's noblemen. His daughter Sophie, fresh from school, is awaiting the Baron's arrival. But first, with a flourish of trumpets, comes the bearer of the rose, and between Octavian and Sophie a charming interview takes place. Sophie is attended by her duenna,

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Marianne. During the presentation Baron Ochs enters, and his manner towards Sophie angers Octavian. The Baron's love-making culminates in a *Lieblied*. Then the Baron's suite also come in and cause a commotion in the Faninal household. A row next takes place between the Baron and Octavian, the former having been quietly warned by the *Schwarze Zeitung* people that Octavian has succeeded in alienating the affections of his fiancée, and the Baron gets the worst of it. After this Octavian departs, and Faninal sides with the Baron, and threatens to force Sophie to marry him without delay. The Baron drinks freely, but keeps sufficiently sober to sing, once more, his love-song; finally he recovers completely, when a missive is handed to him from the Princess' lady's-maid, reminding him of his appointment with her.

Act III opens in a restaurant, where the *Schwarze Zeitung* couple are plotting the undoing of the Baron. The introduction leads to waltz rhythms. Octavian, in his lady's-maid costume, after assisting with the preparations for supper, goes out of the restaurant and returns with the Baron. What follows is a farce of the broadest character. The lights in the room are lowered. Octavian is coy, and the Baron suddenly begins to discover a likeness between the lady's-maid and his rival. Annina and four children next enter, and the children call the Baron "Papa." Upon this, the confusion waxes great. A commissary of the police is summoned, but he is told that Annina is Sophie, the Baron's fiancée. While contesting this point Faninal enters, and is most indignant because the Baron disowns him. While one is wondering how all this is going to end, the Princess appears upon the scene and succeeds in "pouring oil upon the troubled waters," so that, at last, the Baron concludes to behave himself, and his rout is completed by the presentation to him of all the bills for supper, lights, etc. When the Princess has finally gotten rid of him, she brings in Octavian and Sophie and joins their hands.

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STRINDBERG

(*Continued from page* 204)

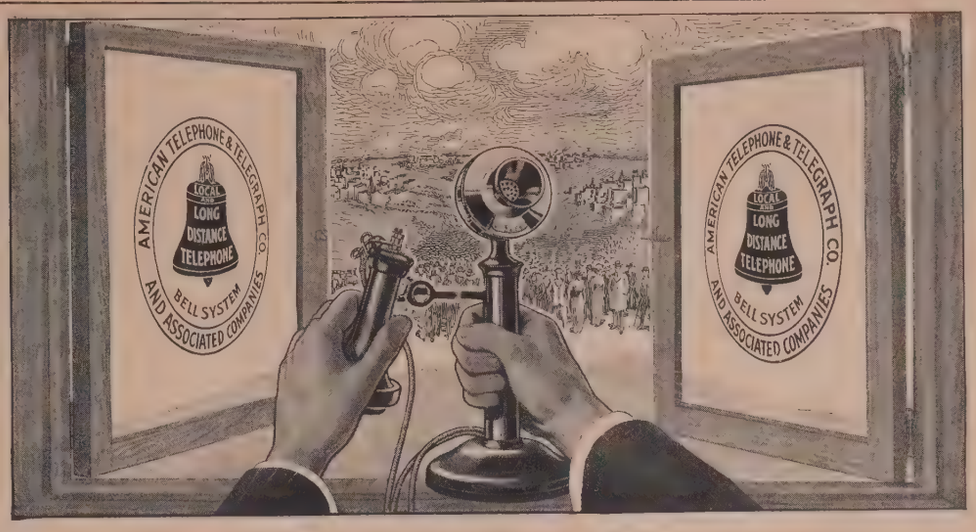
manifestation of the human brain, had read one of Nietzsche's books and wrote to the author about it. The mighty German was heard to say:

"Strindberg has written to me, and for the first time I feel an answering note of universality."

Strindberg's dramatic work began in 1872 with "Master Olaf," in which he drew the character of a woman who, seven years later in Ibsen's hands, became the well-known type of Nora. Numerous one-act plays followed: "Parian," "The Creditor," "Simoon," which James Huneker calls "a dramatic ode to revenge"; "The Stronger," "The Link" "Playing with Fire" "Debit and Credit," "Motherlove"—quite intimately related to Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession"—and that masterpiece of modern tragedy, "Countess Julie." The latter piece was conceived and at first published in three acts, but its condensation into one long act has made it one of the most powerful works in the dramatic literature of the world. Its effect, even upon the reader, is tremendous.

Other plays of greater length, if not of greater importance, came in between the one-act plays or followed their publication: "Father," illustrating the pitiful inferiority of man to woman with regard to the certitude of their children being their own; "Comrades," a plea against *ces sales bêtes de femme;* "Margit," a historical play of the time of the Reformation; "The Secret of the Gilde," wherein Strindberg anticipated the theme of Ibsen's "Masterbuilder"; "Ebbrezza," "Erik XIV," "Lucky Pehr," "Midsummer," which he calls "a serious comedy"; "There Are Crimes and Crimes," "The Dance of Death," "Easter," the most important of several plays of the realistically symbolic type, wherein Swedenborg's influence is manifest; "The Crown Bride" and "Swanwhite," two fascinatingly powerful, yet painful plays that remind somewhat of Gerhardt Hauptmann's poetical dramas; "A Dreamplay," which is all that its title suggests—full of fantastic charm, wild, dream-like imagination, yet written with a sober, virile pen; "Toward Damaskus," a double drama that reveals at the same time Strindberg's eroticism and his tendency to drift toward the Roman Catholic Church.

Through all his plays, which are, however, the least subjective part of his writings, one can trace the red thread of this great sufferer's own innermost feelings—his ideas, his passions, his conception of the universe moving the characters of his imagination for his own purpose and to his own end. Somewhat akin to the Brieux of



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more recent days, Strindberg curiously lacked the intuitive comprehension of other personalities, the faculty of penetrating into the most secret folds of their nature. He does not draw his characters from observation, but rather takes an idea, a theory, and thrusts it into human shape. But so masterfully does he do this that the reader or spectator is easily deceived and ready to take for living portraits that which is only the convincing illustration to a given hypothesis.

Strindberg may be rated for being abnormally emotional, crazy at times, but he is fascinating and instructive as a writer, wonderfully interesting as a study; and through all his work one feels the pulse of genius.

It is the *raison d'être* of philosophers to construct systems. Strindberg was not a philosopher in that sense. His destiny was more perilous, more sadly human. He was made to experience all the things of life—to pay for them with tears and with his heart's blood, and to transform them—not into cold speculations of the mind, but into weapons for others to fight the danger with.

His life was one long, desperate attempt to reach Heaven, . . . a modern Icarus, whose hopeful flights onto the summits were always broken by an inevitable fall into the abyss.

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Early Feminine Dramatists

(*Continued from page vi*)

fickle temper soon tired of her. Retiring into seclusion, she wrote her first tragedy, "The Royal Mischief," which, when acted in 1696, brought her such unbounded fame that her apartments were crowded with men of wit and gayety; and the same year she produced "The Lost Lover, or The Jealous Husband, a Comedy," which was a failure. Her tragedy of "Lucius, the First Christian King of Britain," produced 1717, was heartily received. It was dedicated to Sir Richard Steele, who prologued it, while Mr. Pryor added the epilogue. Her tragedy of "Almyna, or The Arabian Vow," was in no sense noteworthy. She continued The Examiner after Dean Swift's relinquishment, and as that grim old cynic has furnished much of her history in an amiable narrative, it is possible that the beautiful "Rivella" may have interfered temporarily with his life-long devotion to "Stella" and "Vanessa." Her memoirs, entitled "The Adventures of Rivella," appeared about ten years before her death. In her retirement, Mrs. Manley also composed that famous but licentious satire, entitled "The Secret Memoirs and Manners of Several Persons of Quality of Both Sexes, from the New Atalantis, an Island in the Mediterranean," which called forth a warrant from the Secretary's office. She was discharged after several public examinations.

Two other conspicuous compeers of Mrs. Manley were Mrs. Cockburn and Mrs. Pix, the three having been satirized together during the reign of William III as "The Female Wits, or a Triumvirate of Poets," a comedy of anonymous authorship. Mrs. Cockburn was born in London of Scotch parentage, her father being Captain David Trotter (or Trother) of the Royal Navy. She was early distinguished for her wit and beauty, and was only seventeen when her initial play, "Agnes de Castro, a Tragedy," adapted from a French novel translated by Mrs. Behn, was produced with overwhelming success at the Theatre Royal. In two years followed the tragedy of "Fatal Friendship" (considered her best work), and three years later came that of "The Unhappy Penitent." Her last play, "The Revolution of Sweden, a Tragedy," was produced at the Queen's Theatre a year previous to her marriage to the Reverend Mr. Cockburn; for, in the round of domestic duties as a provincial parson's wife, her dramatic work was discontinued. Her single comedy effort, "Love at a Loss, or Most Votes Carry It," was mediocre. Like Dryden, she deserted the English Communion at one time for the Church of Rome, but just before her marriage reverted to her original faith. Of her plays it was said: "There is the chastity of her Person and the Tenderness of her Mind in them."

Although Mrs. Pix also "ventured on the Sock and Buskins," with ample success as to laurels, her pocket was not replenished thereby, her seven dramatic pieces having been alternate failures and triumphs. They all appeared during a space of nine years, dating from 1696, in which year her farce, "Spanish Wives," was acted at Dorset Gardens with eminent success; and then, also, was produced her tragedy of "Ibrahim, the Twelfth Emperor of the Turks," which never failed to bring tears. Gildon declares that the story was abstracted from Ricaut's Turkish History—for Mary Pix, like Mrs. Behn, was not averse to pilfering an occasional plot.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(*Continued from page* 180)

it. Indeed, the production, the excellent work of the performers, and the astonishing detail and effectiveness coming from Mr. Belasco's wise and sympathetic handling of it, are beyond any brief account. Miss Helen Freeman, as Annie, proved to be one of Mr. Belasco's discoveries. Her voice is thrilling in its qualities of tenderness and pathos, and there is every evidence that very great prominence awaits her.

LYRIC. "THE GIRL AND THE PENNANT." Comedy in four acts by Rida Johnson Young and Christy Mathewson. Produced on October 23 with this cast:

Copley Reeves, William Courtenay; Punch Reeves, Calvin Thomas; Henry Welland, Malcolm Williams; John Bohannan, Tully Marshall; Skeets Marvin, William Roselle; Pitman, Walace Owen; Chief Wayne, Louis Morrell; Sam, George W. Day; Al. Warren, Ralph Morgan; A Colored "Fan," Jack Johnson, Jr.; Mona Fitzgerald, Florence Reed; Alice Tilton, Lola Fisher; Miss Squibbs, Marian Ballou.

This is a very ingenuous entertainment. Mrs. Young is always ingenuous as far as her stage contributions are concerned and it naturally goes without saying that the "Girl and the Pennant" is hers from the constructive side with technical and "fanatical" embellishments by the Peerless Pitcher of the Giants. The whole thing is framed on very familiar lines. Like the horse race in "In Old Kentucky," the deciding baseball game for the pennant takes place off the stage, but is described with great verisimilitude by an imposing score board and the descriptive powers of a number of the players who have been banished from the diamond because they would unduly sass that much berated individual, the umpire. This makes for an admirable theatrical scene in which the elements of the game are graphically presented and the true spirit of illusion and suspense well maintained.

On account of the death of her father, Mona Fitzgerald becomes the owner of the Eagles. She determines to win a pennant in memory of her pa who had never shared in the big gate receipts at the end of the season. But she has her troubles for her manager is trying to give her the double cross. He wants his team to lose that he and a designing magnate may pick up the franchise at a bargain. The machinations of these two dastards against organized baseball are of course thwarted but not until the usual clash has been established during the conventional number of needed acts.

Edgar Selwyn is responsible for the production, a very elaborate and satisfying one, as well as the stage management which is at all times spirited and ingenious.

The company is a large one but the individual players have been selected with care and discrimination and full justice is done to this comedy of "youth, romance and baseball." The lady owner falls to the lot of Florence Reed, an actress, with a marked personality and excellent technic. She was thoroughly competent. William Courtenay, a bit self-conscious perhaps for a successful pinch hitter played the hero while the effervescently enthusiastic third base man was portrayed with engaging skill and humor by William Roselle. Punch Reeves, the young pitcher, with a "weakness" and the old timer Pitman were skillfully rounded out by Calvin Thomas and Wallace Owen. The villains were in the sound and safe hands of Tully Marshall and Malcolm Williams. Grim and sardonic was the former easy and débonnair the latter. A young southern girl with a penchant for souvenirs was amusingly presented by Lola Fisher and a broadly comic "lady fan" who used mental science in behalf of her team was contributed by Marion Ballou.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE LITTLE CAFÉ." Musical comedy in three acts from the French of Tristan Bernard. Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan, music by Ivan Caryll. Produced Nov. 10 with this cast:

Veauchenu, Jos. Monehan; Celeste, Marjorie Gateson; Philibert, Harry Neville;; Gaston, H. P. Woodley; Yvonne, Alma Francis; Albert Lorifian, John E. Young; Katziolinka, Grace Leigh; Ilsa, Eleanor St. Clair; Alma, Ethel Davies; Louka, Trixie Whiteford; Zora, Lillian Rice; Thyrza, Alys Belga; Oola, Lorayne Leslie; Isabel, Charlotte Carter; Bigredon, Tom Graves; Gaby Gaufrette, Hazel Dawn; Loulou Millefleurs, Marie Empress.

"The Little Café" needs to be stripped of some of its superfluities. A waiter in a restaurant, an idler by nature and long habit, is so inefficient that he is about to be discharged. If he isn't, he will let all the wine spill through the bung holes of barrels carelessly left open. He is an intolerable servant, but he is amiable enough to be in love with the landlord's daughter, she with him. He has two other sweethearts. A Notary appears and confides to the landlord that the

(*Continued on page xv*)

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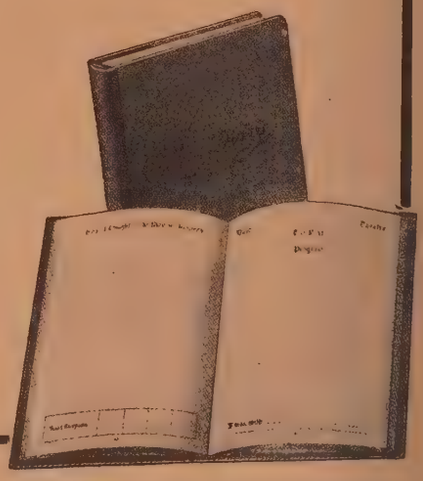

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waiter has fallen heir to a considerable fortune whereupon the two, in order to get some of it, conspire to have the waiter sign an agreement whereby he is to be retained in the service for twenty years, with a considerable forfeit if he throws up his job. The waiter naturally accepts. Here is an idea, only there is a little too much floriture about it. There is too much dancing and too much singing, and *da capo*. A superfluity of good things would not seem to be a grievous fault, and if it is, it is easy enough to remedy it. The performers take so much joy in their work that it might be a hardship to deprive them of some of their activity, but it would be for the good of the show and of the community. The comedy of John E. Young, the waiter, is within the limits of judiciousness, not unrefined, and yet not wholly finished in the artistic sense, but spontaneous and effective. He is a young man, and seems to us to be in the line of preferment. In the way of unrestrained foolery, Tom Graves, as the Notary, or promoter as he is described, goes the limit. Of course, no human being ever expressed himself by means of such physical contortion, but if you once accept him he is entertaining. The kind of thing he does is known to stageland only. The three sweethearts have various charms. Alma Francis, as Yvonne, the daughter of the landlord, is the modest one; Grace Leigh, as Katziolinka, a Hungarian singer, robust in physical beauty and in satiate sentiment, always accompanied by seven amazons of passionate love, carries you away, as she tried to carry the waiter, with physical force, and Hazel Dawn, as Gaby, the Queen of the Night Restaurants, attractive to the last degree in song and in the allurements of dress, made it a hard question as to choice between the three. It is needless to say that the lazy waiter, Albert, had a busy evening.

HARRIS. "THE LOVE LEASH." Comedy in three acts by Anna Steese Richardson and Edmund Breese. Produced on Oct. 20 with this cast:

Vera Knapp, Grace Filkins; Theodore Knapp, Elliott Dexter;;; Mrs. De Witt Knapp, Maude Granger; Bruce Walton, Henry Stephenson; Carl Hassler, Paul Ker; Leila Lawford, Ann Meredith; Mrs. Anson Smith. Isabel Richards; Paul King, Bernard Fairfax; Norton, Harry Stevens; Pierre, Lawrence C. Knapp.

The separation of man and wife, both young and one or both foolish, and their later discovery that they cannot live apart, coming together again not to part, is not new, but there was a new combination in the idea of "The Love Leash," by Anna Steese Richardson and Edmund Breese, subject to its being properly worked out. The wife has been so effusive in her devotion to her husband that he tires of it all. The love leash has been pulled too hard on him. She overhears him talking to a friend and wishing for freedom. She determines to give it to him. It was agreed that they are to separate for a year, have, it might be called, a trial divorce. All involved in this part of the story was set forth with entertaining action in the first act, but the succeeding acts were forced and obvious. The wife makes a great show of her relations with a musician whom she has taken up. The husband's jealousy is aroused, but the musician is such an impossibly vain and ridiculous person that all sense of reality was absent from the happenings. Miss Grace Filkins, in whose behalf the comedy was written and produced, was sufficiently charming and adroit to save herself, but she could not save the play. It was too insubstantial, too mechanical. There were complications, but they were not real enough. They might have been if they had been worked out. The lawyer who arranged the separation gets under such suspicion that he is in danger of being made co-respondent in a suit for divorce. That might have been made more of, and the action thereby made more real. The play was not real enough. This lawyer was played by Harry Stephenson. There was a lady novelist of whom more could have been made, played by Ann Meredith. Mr. Elliot Dexter was the husband, and gave an excellent performance. Maude Granger was the too devoted mother. Mr. Howson was the musician, overacting, but capable. The scenery provided by Mr. Bickerton was unusually tasteful and appropriate.

HARRIS. "MISS PHOENIX." Farce in three acts by Albert Lee. Produced on Nov. 3 with this cast:

Harry Townsend, Robert Mackay; Tomi, T. Tomamoto; Tolcott, W. L. Romaine;; Laura Leslie, Maud Knowlton; Fireman, A. B. Hanley; Gertrude, Ann Murdock; Dr. Sterling, Henry Mortimer; Jack Grey, Conway Tearle; Colonel Crosby, Ben Hendricks;; Nellie, Leonore Phelps; Phyllis, Jane Morrow; Timothy Pitkin, Ivan Simpson; Penelope Wiggins, Pauline Rona.

Among the inadequate pieces must be counted "Miss Phoenix," by Albert Lee. It proved to be

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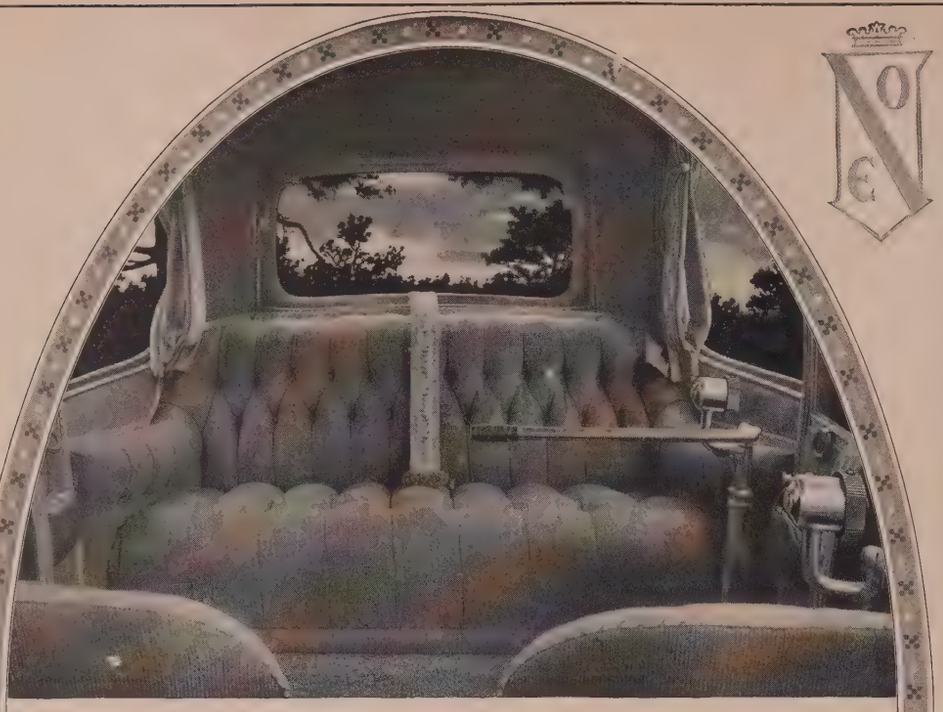

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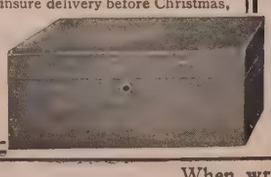

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too trivial for success. A young wife, disregarding her husband's prohibition of her taking turkish baths, ventures to the enticing establishment, which to her is at once a luxury and beautifier, finds herself there when a fire breaks out. She is borne, wrapped in a blanket only into the bachelor apartment near by. Of course, she gives a name not her own. The complications that arise make the story. She is kept busy in trying to keep the secret of her adventure from her husband, fearful of the consequences. The one compensation of this play was Miss Ann Murdock, the wife who has these farcical experiences. Miss Murdock is commonly referred to as suggesting Billie Burke. As a matter of fact, the resemblance between them are purely accidental, and Miss Murdock is attractive in her own right and with tricks and natural attributes of her own. She will, without question, speedily arise from the ashes of this play. Conway Tearle, as the husband, was more than "capable."

HARRIS. "The Tongues of Men." Play in three acts by Edward Childs Carpenter. Produced on November 10th with this cast:

Rev. Penfield Sturgis, Frank Gilmore; Rev. Dr. Darigal, Benton Groce; Georgina Darrigal, Gladys Alexandria; Dr. Lyn Fanshaw, Frederick Truesdale; Louchran, Herman Granville; Goadby, Albert Reed; Mrs. Kearsley, Deirdre Doyle; Thomas, Gerald Bidgood; Jane Bartlett, Miss Crosman; Madam Sternburg; Katherine Presbrey; Winifred Leeds, Florence Montayne; Herman Geist, Sheridan Block; Sepulveda, Macy Harlam; Julie Natalie Perry; Raphael, Benton Groce.

In "The Tongues of Men," a cacophonous title, Miss Henrietta Crosman has a substantial play with a comedy that prevails over what would seem to be a disturbing element, in the background of the church and the vestry. The story is a conflict between the prejudices of the church and the individual worth and purity to be found on the stage. A zealous rector, young and in arms against the sins of the world, has preached a sermon denouncing the wickedness of an actress, you necessarily must be wicked in order to play the part of a wicked woman which she does. The actress visits him to protest against the injustice of such views, and gets him to consent to call on her and make himself familiar with her private life. The rector betrother objects to this arrangement and the vestry men consider it scandalous. The character of the woman is so impressed on the clergyman by what he sees that he could love her; and when the vestrymen publish his sermon, he is overwhelmed with such shame at the slander that he asks her to marry him. She is to marry a relative of the clergyman and is not effected by this turn of affairs. She manages to turn him aside from his offer, and to reconcile him and the girl he has renounced. If what happens was sentimental and not in the nature of comedy, the effect would, no doubt, be depressing; but the play has a spirit of comedy in it throughout. Miss Crossman's acting is so artistic, her spirit so refreshing, and her comedy so pervasive, that her performance alone could carry the play.

44th ST. MUSIC HALL. Mr. Lew Fields, at his Forty-fourth Street Music Hall, in presenting novelties, takes the initiative, as might be expected, in introducing innovations. Mr. Sam Bernard's part of the entertainment is in "My Partner's Wives," written by Henry Blossom, with music by Alfred Robyn. He is inimitably funny in the complications he brings about in his attentions to the ladies. "A Glimpse of the Great White Way" begins its activities in a showy restaurant in which the waiters juggle with plates and dishes and oranges and dishes in a way that makes the ordinary sleight of hand a mere academic circumstances of no interest. Here the objects fly through the air with a bewildering confusion while they perform the customary services of the table. Something, enough, of a story gives the scene action, individualizes the characters, and permits of the introduction of a number of specialties and playlets and acts. "An Every-day Occurrence in Central Park," acted by Mack and Walker, is one of the cleverest bits of life imaginable. It is the comedy of a bench in the Park. A young man, after much manoeuvring, scrapes up an acquaintance of a girl who is reading a novel, and who admits that she is waiting for somebody. For all his pains the young man finally gets the information that it is her husband whom she expects. This little sketch, made up largely of business and bright turns in the talk, invites the attention of all who like good comedy, perfect in its execution. "The Spider," as a matter of pantomime and dancing, with meaning back of it, is something unusual. The Spider catches in his web butterflies for which he cares nothing, making prey of them to gratify his cruelty, and finally

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captures the beautiful moth. Mlle. Polaire appears in the sensational one-act play, "Le Visiteur," assisted by two companion actors from the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris. The words are French. Mlle. Polaire was brought to this country by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest, and is worth the while. The actress of the play, returning home from a late supper, tells her maid that she and a friend, a Russian Prince, had been discussing Fear, which she had declared she had never felt. He had told her that she would soon know its meaning, along with absolute terror. The visitor comes through the window, and she presently realizes that he is a desperate Apache. He despoils her of all her jewels; she must restrain all exhibition of terror, and in the face of his brutality, in the last extremity, she submits to his embrace, plunging into his back a knife that she has managed to seize while dancing before him. Mlle. Polaire is an actress of power and finished art. With bills of this kind the Music Hall should soon draw throngs.

FULTON. "After Five." Comedy in three acts by William and Cecil de Mille. Produced on October 29th with this cast:

Ted Ewing, Forrest Winant; Oki, David Burton; Frank Moore, Joseph Yanner;; Bruno Schwartz, James Bradbury; Arnold Bloodgood, Alfred Hickman; Copp, Jay Wilson; Mrs. Dinah Russell, Jessie Ralph; Nora Hildreth, Ivy Troutman.

For a while, on the opening night, it looked as if "After Five" would take its place among the pleasant farces of the seasons. The technical skill, so abundant in the first act, seemed to give assurance of this. The idea of the play was a good one. A young man, engaged to a girl, has lost her fortune and his own in speculation. In order to save his honor and make secure the happiness of the girl, he determines that he shall contrive to give her the benefit of an accidental insurance policy on his own life. He arranges to comply with the conditions of the policy by having himself killed by a certain blackmailing character, who cheerfully undertakes to make the policy effective, in consideration of a certain sum of money, which is placed in the hands of the Japanese valet of the young man. This valet swears, upon the souls of his ancestors, to pay over the money in the event of his master's death. This is all very ingenuous, and is good acting and good playwriting. However, there is something lacking after this point. What is "doing" after five, after this arrangement is made, does not strike the right note. It is possible that it might be rewritten. The play was put on and acted, for that matter, in the most satisfactory manner. Undoubtedly there was this compensation. Forrest Winant, whom we have seen recently in "The Family Cupboard," was better than his part. Ivy Troutman, as the girl, was likewise all that could be desired. It certainly was not the fault of any of the actors in the play that it did not score.

LYRIC. "Ourselves." Drama in four acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced on November 13th with this cast:

Florence, Dorothy Taylor; Harriette, Silvia Zan; Miss Carew, Mattie Keene; Beatrice Barrington, Jobyna Howland; Sadie, Estelle Thebaud; Stella, Caroline Page; Lena, Louise Coleman; Delia, Alma Rheinock; Mabel, Blanche Natali; Mollie, Grace Elliston; Mary, Grace Gardner; Irene Barrington, Selene Johnson; Wilson, Gertrude Le Brandt; Leever, Geoffrey C. Stein; Joseph, Craig Miner.

Among the plays of the feminist movement, "Ourselves," by Rachel Crothers, is notable, not so much perhaps for its conclusiveness as for its excellence in skill as a play. It is excellent because of its frankness in handling facts and conditions as they are. It is not meant to please, in any sense of idle enjoyment, although it does interest and hold the attention at every moment, while it stimulates to sympathetic thought. The first act shows us a reformatory for women. Its inmates are girls who are under restraint and subjected to every moral influence that can be brought to bear. It is plain that the efforts in their behalf effect little or no change in them. They all want to return to the life from which they were taken. Their task and manners when left alone together indicates that they are hopeless. A woman of social position and means, interested in the rescue work, visits the institution and finally prevails on Molly to come to her house as secretary. There the girls still feels lonely and isolated. She refuses, however, to go away with the man who had been her associate in vice when she finds that he will not accept her new view of marriage. In the meanwhile, the brother of the woman of the house, himself a married man, takes advantage of the helplessness and loneliness of the girl. It is discovered. The man begs the forgiveness of his wife, which is finally granted, the discussion between the two

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convincing the girl that lawlessness is evil and that the welfare of society lies in the hands of women. She leaves the house resolved to do her part and to seek to redeem herself, with the hope of happiness, in guarded conduct. That she will do so is not wholly conclusive, but the principle is sound, and the play is impressive, it grips and is human and absorbingly interesting. Grace Elliston is intense, emotional and realistic. Louise Coleman, in a minor part, a tough and stupid girl at the reformatory, gives a transcript of reality that is the quintessence of nature and art in the reproduction of truth.

WINTER GARDEN. "The Pleasure Seekers." Play in three acts; book by Edgar Smith, music and lyrics by E. Ray Goetz. Produced on November 3rd with this cast:

Isaac Googenheimer, Hugh Cameron; Isidore Eisenstein, Harry Cooper; Max Rosenberg, Bobby North; M'lle Marcelle, Dorothy Jardon; Hinrich Boobschlobb, Max Rogers; Heinie Boobschlob, Wm. Montgomery; Limousine Panhard, Virginia Evans; Jack Hemingway, George White; George Bliffkins, Hugh Cameron; Marie Bliffkins, Sally Daly; Violet Bliffkins, Florence Moore; Marcelline, Myrtle Gilbert; Vera, Flo May.

A brilliant spectacle this, with wonderful scenery, pretty show girls aplenty and enough rollicking comedy to keep the audience always in good humor. There is not more story than there should be in a show of this kind, nothing in fact to tax the brain of the tired business man. It were better described as continuous vaudeville in which a number of talented performers keep the fun going fast and furious. The *mise en scène* alone is worth seeing. The snow scene in the Alps with snow balling, bob sleighing and the dancing on skis is well worth the price of admission.

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CASINO. "Oh, I Say!" Play in three acts by Keroul and Barré, adapted by Sidney Blow and Douglas Hoare; music by Jerome D. Kern. Produced on October 30th with this cast:

Baptiste, Dick Temple; Count Buzot, Joseph W. Herbert; Julie, Lois Josephine; Gabrielle, Nellie King; Madam Portal, Jeffreys Lewis; Jules Portal, Walter Jones; Marcel Durant, Charles Meakins; Suzette, Alice Yorke; Henri, Joseph Phillips; Langley, Ray Dodge; Sidonie, Cecil Cunningham; Hugo, Wellington Cross; Waiter, James Notos; Madeline, Olga Hempstone; Fifi, Marjory Lane; Mimi, Marion George; Elsie, Anna Berg; Claudine, Clara Palmer; Madam Pigache, Elizabeth Ariians; Joseph, Tyler Brooke; Jacques Lavardo, Dick Temple.

This farce, from the French, fulfils the purpose for which it was written. It furnishes an evening's amusement. The plot is very thin, and treated in the conventional manner of Palais Royal farce, but affords enough opportunity for a number of entertaining situations. The piece is full of dances and good singing numbers. Cecil Cunningham who played Sidonie, created a good impression with her soprano voice and comely presence. Joseph Herbert was excellent as a beau of the old school and Walter Jones was very amusing as the amorous Father-in-law.

IRVING PLACE THEATRE. On Wednesday evening, October 29th, "Nur Ein Traum," by Lothar Schmidt, received its initial performance at the Irving Place Theatre. It is a farce in three acts in that vein already familiar to us through similar recent German importations of the ultra-modern school. One subject only—that of infidelity—is discussed from the first curtain to the last. Herr Marlow again distinguished himself in a small part of an elderly professor whose young and frivolous wife has given him cause for a divorce, but Herr Stoeckel did not seem quite at home in the low-comedy part of a guilty husband.

Either the taste of the German-American audience in this city is very flexible or there are two different elements in that audience, judging from the effect produced by the production of Ibsen's "Pillars of Society." This is as different in tone and quality from the preceding play as it could possibly be and yet it was received as warmly and applauded as heartily as the naughty farce comedy it followed.

It was no bold undertaking on the part of this company to play this well-known drama of Ibsen; they are lacking neither in the necessary intelligence, depth nor skill. Heinrich Marlow's portrayal of Berwick may go down in the theatrical Baedeker with a double star. He probed the depths of the rôle and never failed to give its true value, playing with sublety and strength and working consistently toward the climax of his speech at the end in which he proclaims the truth and frees himself from the shackles of hypocrisy.

Grete Meyer, as Lona Hassel,, fully justified her change from comic opera to legitimate

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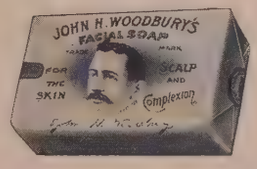

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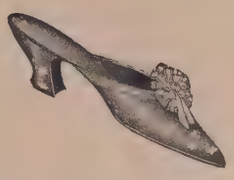

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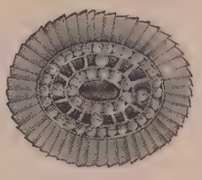

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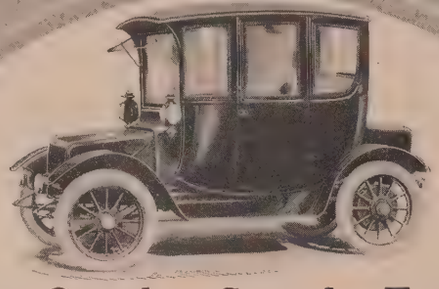

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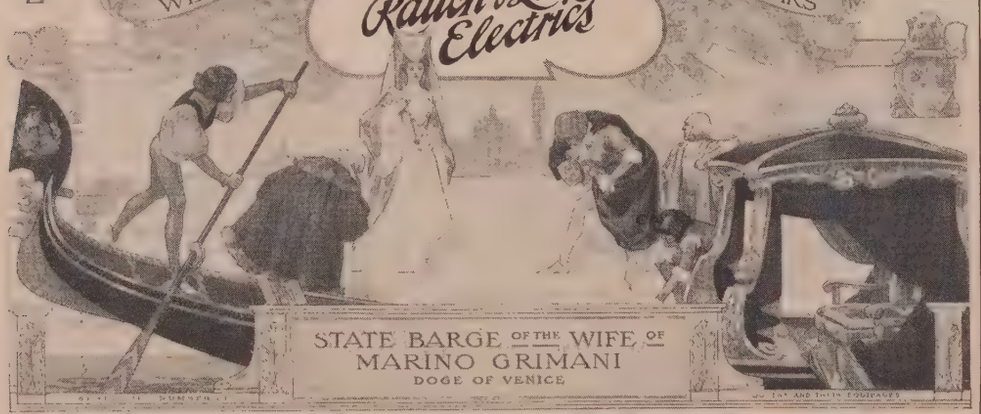

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drama. With convincing sincerity she acted the part of the wholesome, clean hearted, resolute spinster lady. Herr Holynagel, as the old sea-captain, Auler, was excellent.

Herr Christian's scheme of staging the play in "Biedermeier style succeeded in giving the production, color and saving it from that drab atmosphere which usually surrounds Ibsen performances.

WALLACK'S. CYRIL MAUDE. For his second programme Mr. Maude appeared in a double bill. The curtain raiser was "The Ghost of Jerry Bundler," a grim little tragedy in which an amateur actor essays a practical joke and in impersonating a ghost is shot to death by one of his nervous victims. It showed that Mr. Maude possessed true medodramatic capacity in voice, attitude and emotional strength. But it was in "Beauty and the Barge," a farce in three acts founded on some of W. W. Jacobs' very characteristic and humorous short stories (originally presented here by Nat C. Goodwin in 1903) that Mr. Maude really revealed how deep, sincere and rounded is his comic art. Capt. James Barley, an amatory fresh-water skipper, in as sustained and finished a character as the imortal Capt. Cuttle and to say that Mr. Maude as the former was as good as was the late W. J. Florence in the Dickens' Creation is to pay him no higher praise possible. His Barley was delicious in conception and execution. The detail was perfect make up, gait and voice production all serving to present a portrait irresistibly comic in its good-natured pompousness, kind geniality and shrewd resourcefulness. It was so graphic and revelatory that it indicated that Mr. Maude ought to make an ideal Falstaff. Montague Love was very funny as one of the iracible fathers of old-fashioned farce and in a bit of water side character Lennox Paule caused roars of laughter.

"How Wild Animals Live," which is being shown at Carnegie Lyceum, has proven such an interesting set of pictures that they will be continued there until December 7th. The pictures have a special appeal to children on account of the interesting animal life depicted and to the older folks, the educational value is apparent.

Books Received

THE RUSSIAN BALLET.—By Ellen Terry. Illustrated. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

THE CORYSTON FAMILY.—By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE ROMANCE OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE.—By Mary Caroline Crawford. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

THE RUSSIAN BALLET. By A. E. Johnson. Illustrated. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

JOAN THURSDAY. By Louis Joseph Vance. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

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A Bach Air by Schumann-Heink.—*My Heart Ever Faithful.* Johann Sebastian Bach.

Old and New Songs by John McCormack.—*I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby*—Wills-Clay; *I Hear a Thrush at Eve* (Serenade)—Cadman.

A Chopin Etude by de Pachmann.—*Etude in E Minor*—Chopin.

Maude Powell plays Elgar's beautiful *Love Greeting.* Salut d'amour—Elgar.

De Gogorza sings *The Lost Chord.*—Proctor-Sullivan.

A Thaïs Air by Whitehill.—Clarence Whitehill, Baritone. *Thaïs*—Voilà donc la terrible cité. Massenet.—*Advt.*

Hits of the Month

AN unusual form of highway robbery is practised by Lola Fisher, the enchanting Alice of "The Girl and the Pennant." She holds a man up at the point of her bewitching eyes and alluring smile, and proceeds to ransack him for "souvenirs"—baseball souvenirs, for she assures you that she "just loves baseball"! Miss Fisher has succeeded in crowding an interesting career into a brief two and a half years, which is explained by the fact that this ardent little worker has never stopped to "vacation." After coming East from her native Chicago with the intention of studying at a dramatic school, she found the opportunity to play a small part with a stock company. It was the part of a Bowery derelict, dirty and "tough," but she threw herself into the work so earnestly that she was engaged the following week to play a typical ingenue rôle, in which she was allowed to be clean. After a short season there she appeared with Zelda Sears in "The Nest Egg," followed by more stock in Mount Vernon and Rochester. Last winter she was with the Belasco Stock Company at the Alcazar in San Francisco, and made her first New York appearance with Francis Wilson in the spring in "The Spiritualist." The summer was spent with a Buffalo stock company, after which she was engaged for her present rôle of Alice. Miss Fisher was originally scheduled to become a painter, and was faithful in following that art to that extent of doing professional illustrating while still at High School. But the call of the grease-paint was too strong to resist, and her devoted family were easily won over.

Lola Fisher

▩ ▩ ▩

No one who has sat through J. M. Barrie's poignant little drawn "Half an Hour" could fail to be repelled by the uncompromising brutality of Mr. Garson, the husband, so forcefully played by H. E. Herbert. This actor not only plays the rôle realistically, but is so well adapted to the character in voice and physique that, after seeing the play, one is amazed to meet a tall, smooth-faced, good-looking, and extremely mild young Englishman. Holmes Edward Herbert was born in Mansfield, Nottingham, England, on July 30, 1882. At the age of eleven he was sent to the Nottingham High School and later to Bedford College for a business training, his parents intending that he should follow an elder brother on the London Stock Exchange. Young Holmes Edward thought differently, however, and in 1900 joined a stock company at Sadlers Wells Theatre, in London, where he appeared as Paul in "The Octoroon," followed by a round of children's parts varying from Willie Carlyle in "East Lynne" to Puss in "Puss in Boots" and Man Friday in "Robinson Crusoe." After remaining there for three seasons he played small parts in F. R. Benson's Shakespearean Repertoire Company, followed by engagements with Edmund Tearle, in which he played a number of parts in Shakespearean and old English comedies. Later he toured with Henry Leville and Edward Terry, and then came tours and stock seasons with Adelphi and Drury Lane dramas. In 1908 he joined Miss Lena Ashwell's company at the Kingsway Theatre, London, followed by engagements at the Lyceum, The Aldwyck, the Court, and His Majesty's Theatres. His last appearance in England was as John Shand in "What Every Woman Knows," supporting Miss Hilda Trevelyan. Last year he came to America to play Capt. Nicholas Jeyes with Billie Burke in Pinero's "Mind the Paint Girl," and later played Stephen Ballantyne with Blanche Bates in "The Witness for the Defence." Besides his love for his work, this Englishman is very fond of sports, particularly goft and fencing.

H. E. Herbert

▩ ▩ ▩

A splendid portrayal of a type is given by Haidée Wright, who is appearing with Ethel Barrymore in "Tante." As Miss Scrotton, or "Le Scrotton" as Tante teasingly calls her, she presents a type we all know—the woman who worships at the shrine of the musician, rather than of music. Miss Wright is an English-

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woman, born in London. Prior to her present engagement her only appearance in America was when she came here four years ago to play The Painted Lady in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" with Forbes-Robertson. Her characterization of the middle-aged, foolishly frivolous woman, who tries in vain, by use of cosmetics, to cover the ravages of time, will long linger in the memories of those who saw it. Miss Wright made her first appearance on the stage at the Lyric Theatre, playing the tortured boy, Stephanus, in Wilson Barrett's play, "The Sign of the Cross," which ran for two years at that theatre. After that she appeared as Pedro when Lewis Waller put on "Don Cæsar de Bazan," followed by a season of one-act plays at Lena Ashwell's Theatre, The Kingsway. On her return to England, after her American tour with Forbes-Robertson, she created the part of Gertrude in "Milestones" at the Royalty Theatre, London. After a run of eighteen months in that play, Miss Wright was engaged by Charles Frohman for her present rôle.

Haidée Wright

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Pierrot is with us again, in the exquisite poetic fantasy by Laurence Houseman and Granville Barker, called "Prunella." He comes with his motley crew—"faithful followers of his purse"—and he laughs and sings and steals away the heart of innocent little Prunella. Ernest Glendinning, who invests the part with an appealing charm, was born in 1884 in Ulverston, Lancashire, England. After graduating from Margate College he came to America in 1900, and was persuaded by his father, John Glendinning, the well-known actor, to accept a clerkship with the Standard Oil Company. Here he worked for three years, keeping his desire to act bottled up within him. In 1903 he joined his mother and father in Annie Russell's company, playing in "Mice and Men." He spent the summer with a stock company, and appeared the following winter with John Drew. A year later he was with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, after which he spent four years at the Alcazar in San Francisco, and with the Belasco company in Los Angeles. After his valuable stock experience, which gave him the opportunity to play many parts, he opened at the Belasco in New York with Charlotte Walker in Eugene Walter's "Just a Wife." In May, 1910, he appeared in the all-star revival of "Jim the Penman" at the Lyric, and soon after was seen as Alfred Hardy in "Baby Mine," with Marguerite Clark. Last year he was in "The Brute," and later appeared at the Winter Garden in "The Honeymoon Express." Then, after a few months at the Comedy Theatre in "Her Own Money," he was engaged for his present rôle of Pierrot. Y. D. G.

Ernest Glendinning

Shaw's Play Hissed

A cable dispatch to the New York *Times* from London says that "Androcles and the Lion," George Bernard Shaw's new play, produced at the St. James' Theatre, is a skit on the pseudo-religious drama. It is based on the familiar fable, interspersed with little glimpses of very earnest reality. The comic relief is supplied by a merry lion, whose fantastic gambols have never been surpassed even in a Drury Lane pantomime, his antics including a dance of joy with Androcles after the latter has extracted a thorn from his paw and the chasing of an Emperor around the stage. But it is the religious conversations in the play that really matter. Mr. Shaw as used the old story to turn the tables not on modern Christianity necessarily, but on the tyranny of any religion or custom. There is a succession of scenes in and about the Roman arena, the characters consisting of Christians destined for the lions, and Romans from the Emperor down to a common soldier. There is a love affair between a Roman captain and a captive, Lavinia, and there are many scenes in which Mr. Shaw is apparently poking fun at such plays as "The Sign of the Cross." The audience was on the whole friendly, but the reception of the play was by no means cordial. In fact, there were some hisses, apparently from members of the audience who were offended by Mr. Shaw's satire at the expense of their faith. The critics are divided in opinion, some declaring the play excellent fooling and others regarding it as unworthy of Shaw and "full of cheap wit which one might expect from a schoolboy."

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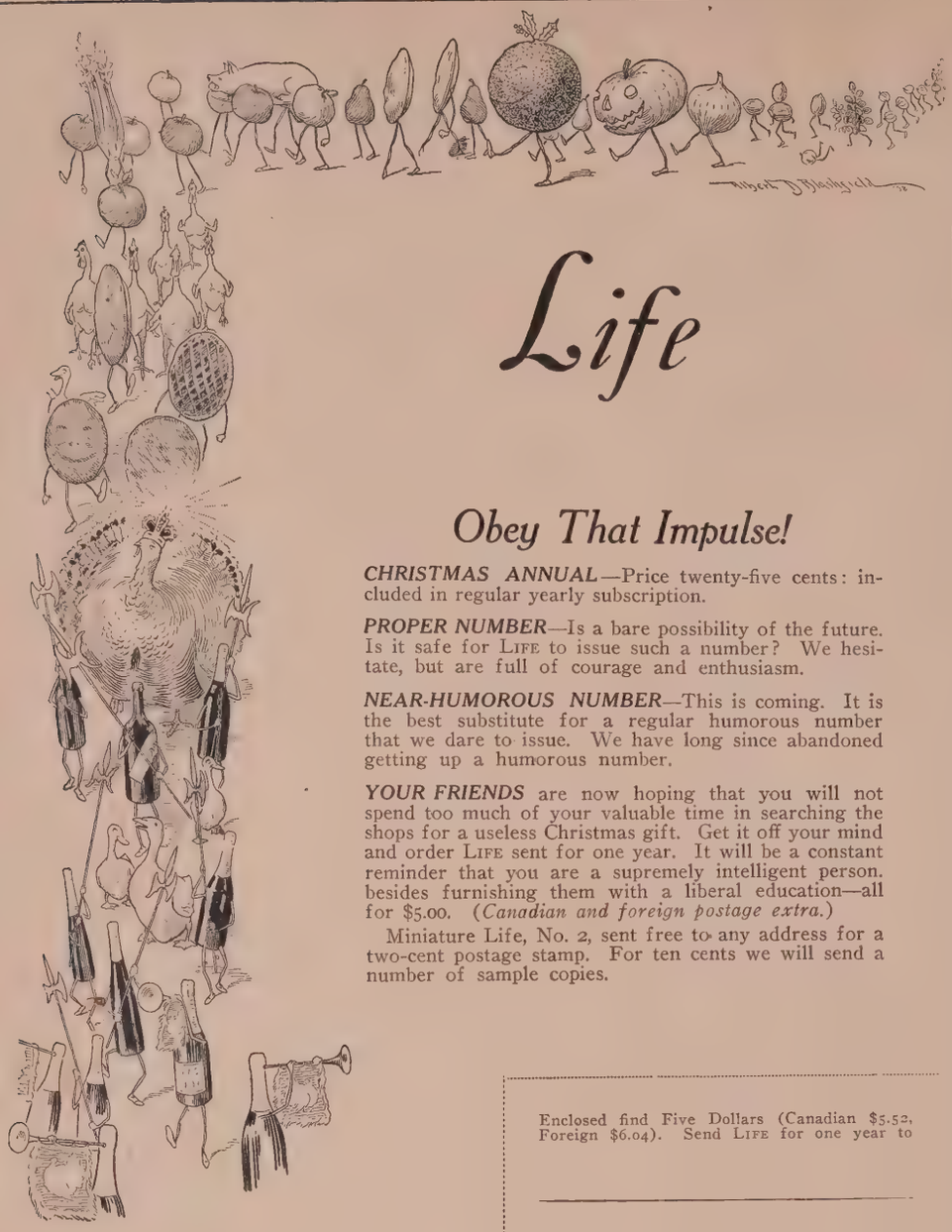

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Drama Society to be 1,000

At a meeting of the Drama Society on November 21st last, at the Hudson Theatre, this city, it was announced that the organization, which now purchases a thousand orchestra seats for each of ten plays bulletined as "good plays" by the society in New York, would increase its membership from 500 to 1,000, and in this manner buy 20,000 tickets during a season for the ten selected plays instead of 10,000. Each member of the society buys two tickets to each show.

In addition the Drama Society will increase its associate membership, which has until now been open only to school teachers. The general public will be permitted to become associate members, and as such buy balcony and gallery seats for the ten bulletined plays at reduced prices.

Under the new plan the Drama Society will supply a good play with a large audience. It believes, says the New York *Times*, and the theatrical managers believe likewise, that the best advertisement a show can get is the praise of satisfied theatre-goers who talk about the play to their friends, so that the enlarging of the society is expected to reap great rewards for the box offices of the good shows.

Prominent at the meeting were Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Philip Lydig, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Egerton L. Winthrop, John Corbin, and other well-known men and women.

John Corbin, Secretary of the Drama Society, outlined the plans for increasing the membership of the organization. By purchasing the cheaper seats as well as the orchestra seats, he said, the society would furnish an intelligent audience for every part of the theatre. "The society will grow to such importance," said Mr. Corbin, "that eventually it will be able to demand the production of any play which it may want and to assure the manager who produces it a fair hearing before a paying crowd."

W. G. Fay, a leader in the movement for a better theatre in Ireland and a member of the "General John Regan" company, now playing here, told of the organization of stage societies in England and Ireland, and Canon James Owen Hannay, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, author of "General John Regan" and a number of novels, addressed the society on the position in which he found himself as a clergyman and playwright at the same time.

"I hope," said Canon Hannay, "that a considerable number of the clergy get into closer personal touch with actors; that they get on the one hand to realize the fact that actors and actresses are not necessarily disreputable, or necessarily or often immoral; that there is a bohemianism about their life, and that this is a bohemianism entirely virtuous and right, and that on the other hand the actors and actresses get into closer personal touch with the clergy and come to regard us less as a kind of horrid or etherized Mrs. Grundy, and that at all events we have at least potentialities of friendship in us."

Lady Warwick Writes "Movies"

The Countess of Warwick, says a London dispatch to the New York *Times*, has entered a new field of industry and has joined the rapidly increasing band of composers of moving-picture scenarios. She will write plays for Messrs. Barker & Kisch, and Warwick Castle, with its thousands of acres of deer park, beautiful gardens, and woodland, will be used as a setting for the film dramas. Lady Warwick admits that she has written her first play in "a highly sensational vein." It is called "The Great Pearl Affair," and is therefore extremely topical. In time, however, she hopes to prove that things of a far higher character can be "filmed." She is convinced that much of modern thought can be demonstrated on the films. Then, too, there is much history that is practically unknown in the Warwick archives. She says:

"I have two incidents now in mind that will form admirable subjects for dramatic treatment. They concern Piers Gaveston and Isabel, one of the daughters of Warwick the King Maker, who married the Duke of Clarence. They will have Warwick Castle as a setting. There is much that can be done to raise the picture palace to a splendid position as an educative influence, and I have great hope and high ideals."

Century Opera Company

The Messrs. Aborn announce another rearrangement of the schedu of operas at the Century Opera House. Owing to the public demand for a repetition of certain operas the Century Opera Company will present for the week beginning Tuesday, December 30th, "La Bohème," instead ofMassenet's "Manon," which will be sung during the week of January 27.

Advertising the Play with the "Punch"

IN the past few months the play producer and the showman generally have endeavored to solve the problem of attracting the paying public to the box office through what is called unusual newspaper advertising such as would cause the Barnums and Haverlys of other days to look on in amazement were it possible for them to gaze upon the spectacle of full page announcements in the big city dailies now spreading its influence in all the larger cities.

And yet there is nothing new about the potency of prodigious advertising, in fact, some of the greatest financial successes in stage history had their origin in a display of unusual publicity. When the late James M. Hill became a play producer he was wont to insert an entire page in every large city newspaper with all of his attractions, and he claimed that by this mode of procedure he had made all three of his attractions permanently successful.

These three attractions were Margaret Mather, Denman Thompson, and a farce comedy called "All the Rage." It is a fact that when Hill presented Thompson at the 14th Street Theatre he was prepared to sit patiently until the public was brought to realize that Joshua Whitcomb was a character so lovable and the play itself so appealing that they would find their way to the box office through sheer desire, but the public interest was slow in developing and Hill could not reconcile himself to the loss of a thousand or two every week though he was impressed by the fact that each week the deficit was smaller.

To use a full page in every one of New York's dailies was not a small undertaking—it meant the spending of about $12,000 over and above the customary outlay—but Hill was never in doubt as to the outcome; what he sought was to start his campaign of advertising at the right time, and this he thought had arrived when the box office records showed a weekly loss of $600—as compared with $2,000 at the outset.

Although Hill absorbed a full page in all of the ten morning and evening newspapers in New York at this period (1883), the space occupied by the advertisement itself was about two inches—and this read as follows:

DENMAN THOMPSON as UNCLE JOSHUA

At the 14th Street Theatre

All the rest of the page was blank—undoubtedly such a display would create a sensation even in this era of wondrous publicity, but in those days the effect was electrical, while on the "Rialto," showman looked askance at each other and the general verdict was that Hill had utterly squandered a fortune—that New York was not to be impressed by a mere display of printer's ink.

But Hill was satisfied and only expressed regret that he had overlooked two Brooklyn dailies, and these he at once added to the list, making his investment close to $15,000.

The 14th Street Theatre was doing a business of about $2,500 a week previous to this advertising, and this total represented a gradual increase from almost nothing at the outset of the engagement. The first week following the unusual advertising revealed a total for the six days of $4,200, and then by leaps and bounds the business jumped to $8,000 a week capacity, and there it remained to the end of one of the greatest runs in theatrical history.

Recently, that is for a period of about a year, all of our play producers have shown their belief in unusual advertising. It is now quite the custom for the manager to spend from $1,000 to $5,000 in extra advertising immediately after the first night of a new offering, and this custom holds wholly independent of the critical verdict. Moreover, during the present theatrical season in New York a resort to unusual advertising has completely changed the conditions under which theatres and productions alike were operating.

Last season "The Conspiracy" was condemned by the critics generally, and surely no one will deny that the Garrick Theatre was not likely to house a "hit" under unfavorable conditions, hence there is no other way to explain an almost capacity business in a playhouse that has sorely tried Mr. Frohman to find compelling attractions. Surely the persistent advertising campaign is the only explanation, and, let me say, this has been most expensive. "The Conspiracy" extra advertising has totalled at least $20,000.

Werba and Luescher have always—ever since their advent with "The Spring Maid"—been tremendous advertisers, and their idea is that if you are going to spend $10,000 to advertise a new production, spend it as quickly as you can.

Klaw and Erlanger have been placing full page advertisements in a half dozen largely circulated newspapers, and this proceedure has been in

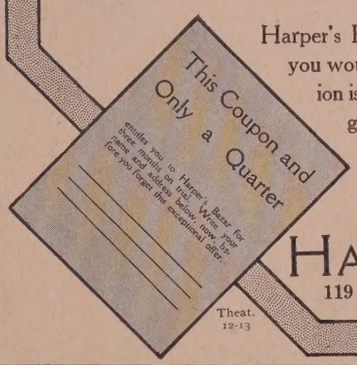
HARPER'S BAZAR, the oldest journal of fashions in America, has ever been the mentor of correct attire for stylish women.

The Bazar renders to its readers a fashion service of the most superior quality. Poiret, Drian, Baskt, the designers to whom Paris goes for its piquant modes, are bound by a contract to supply their delightful creations to Harper's Bazar.

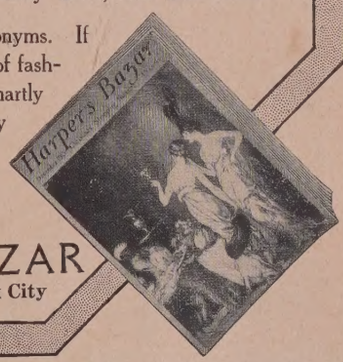
Page after page of beautiful photographs and sketches show the final developments in dressmaking art.

Just imagine what keeping in close touch with these matters will mean to you. Just imagine of what value these authentic styles will be when you choose your next gown. You cannot be in error if you have the Bazar to guide you.

Fashions, ultra-modern and absolutely exclusive, society news, rich illustrations.



Harper's Bazar and quality are synonyms. If you would know what the world of fashion is doing, if you wish to be smartly gowned, you should not try to get along without this de luxe pictorial. Sign the coupon now.



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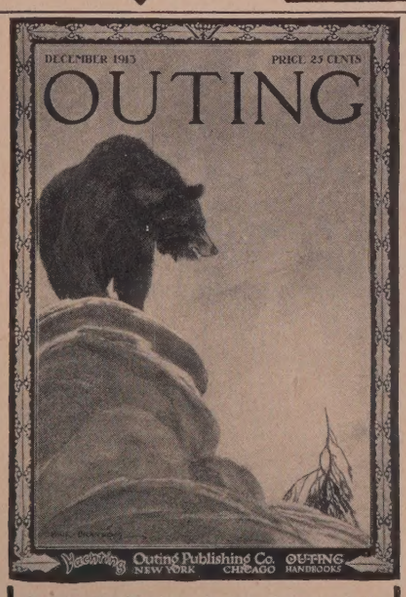

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Edited by WILLIAM T. PRICE

(Author of "The Technique of the Drama" and "Th Analysis of Play Construction.")

A MONTHLY devoted to the scientific discussion of Plays and Playwriting. 15 cents a copy. $1.50 a year. Vol. II begins Jan. 15, 1913. Write for specimen copies and for the Index of Vol. I.

Write for circulars that tell you how to procure the printed Volumes of the Academic Course in Playwriting, delivered complete, on a first payment of Three Dollars. Address

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1440 Broadway NEW YORK CITY

THE JOYS OF A COUNTRY GARDEN

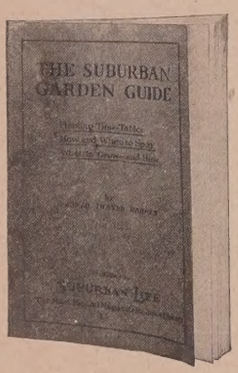
THE back-to-the-land movement of the past twenty years is today greater than ever. The rapid growth of many cities has forced the development of suburbs, which are now becoming so congested that the only relief to be found is farther out into the real countryside. There is where the joy of living is greatest. This trend of population countryward has created a class of magazine readers who desire a periodical devoted to their needs in the garden, orchard, and about the home.

The Countryside Magazine
SUBURBAN LIFE

For nearly ten years this magazine has filled this important need. It is sumptuously made, with its large pages, ample margins, beautiful three-color illustrations, and absolutely perfect printing. It not only lends distinction and character to your reading-table, but is thoroughly practical in its contents.

SUBURBAN LIFE, The Countryside Magazine, is not published exclusively for the rich estate owner, but for the average man in whatever profession, trade or business he may be engaged, who has a garden or a few acres devoted to fruit and poultry in connection with his home. It is helpful in its editorial matter. Each month's issue reflects the special appeal of the countryside at that season—the garden in spring, the vacation in summer, house-building in fall, and travel or outdoor sports in winter. Each issue will prove entertaining, helpful, and valuable to file for reference.

THE SUBURBAN GARDEN GUIDE



Here's one of the most practical handbooks for quick reference ever offered to the suburban dweller. Written by one of our former editors, it contains in concentrated form just the information needed regarding the planting time of all kinds of flowers and vegetables; what to grow and how; when and how to spray, etc. This manual measures 5¼ x 7 inches, is neatly printed on strong high-grade paper, hand-sewed and bound in flexible linen—a very serviceable guide-book which you can put in your coat pocket.

Our Great Dollar Offer

Here's an exceptional opportunity for you lovers of nature and real home life to become acquainted with this beautiful and helpful magazine. The price of Suburban Life, The Countryside Magazine, is $3.00 a year. To introduce it to readers of this magazine, we will send the magazine six months and also the Suburban Garden Guide, **for $1.00.** If you accept this offer immediately, we will date your subscription from the January, 1914, issue, and send the intervening 1913 numbers free. This is an offer you cannot afford to neglect. Fill out the coupon and mail to us with a dollar bill, money order or check. Do it now, before you forget.

THE SUBURBAN PRESS, Publishers
334 Fourth Avenue, New York

CUT OFF COUPON AND MAIL TODAY WITH $1.00
"C"

The Suburban Press, New York
334 Fourth Ave., New York

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find $1.00, for which enter my subscription for SUBURBAN LIFE, six months and a copy of The Suburban Garden Guide.

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Town
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A Popular Edition of this Famous Book
One Volume in 8vo, Bound in Paper
PRICE, 50 CENTS

LOVE IN FRIENDSHIP
(A Nameless Sentiment)
With a Preface in Fragments from STENDHAL
Translated from the French by HENRY PÈNE DU BOIS

This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

MEYER BROS. CO., Publishers **8 to 14 West 38th Street, New York**

order for everyone of their attractions. Even one that has been doing a business of $18,000 a week for months.

Evidently these gentlemen of large affairs in theatredom have tested the value of vast advertising and have found that the results are wholly constructive, and it is an accepted fact that as showmen do so does the publicity man of the great industrial and commercial institutions. This is true despite the greater capital and the smaller impress attending the latter. The public taking, as a matter of course, the almost common full page announcements of such concerns as the Aeolian and the three phonograph companies, yet these are addressed to the amusement loving public and undoubtedly have exerted an influence on theatrical managers.

Up to a year ago the tremendous vogue of the moving picture has been accomplished almost without a resort to the newspaper as a medium for exploitation, but in the last year the advent of the $100,000 special film release and the approach of the $200,000 screen production has completely changed the publicity policy, not only of the manufacturers of films, but the exhibitors now advertise the unusual product of the film studio in a manner that will "go home."

What is now expected on the "Rialto"—and the expectation is justified—is the immediate use of the full-page advertisement "on the road." Already one concern has sent out a contractor for space, with instructions to demand a certain exclusive privilege for this firm. This means an effort will be made to purchase the exclusive privilege of full-page advertising in a group of vastly circulated dailies.

That this part of the innovation may fail seems certain, but that such methods are even contemplated should indicate the influence likely to be exerted by the movement itself, not only in theatredom, but also in the industrial and business world—and particularly to exploit what is called the Feature Photo-play. ROBERT GRAU.

Morosco Play Contest

Oliver Morosco, producer of "Peg o' My Heart," is after a new play, and his representatives have announced a prize contest with $1,000 in cash, advance royalties of $500, and the same terms upon production given the author of "Peg o' My Heart" for the best play submitted before January 15, 1914.

No play of the "sex" or "vice" variety will be considered. Mr. Morosco prefers a comedy, but will not limit the contest to that sort of entertainment.

The judges will be three, Otheman Stevens, dramatic critic of Los Angeles; Waldemar Young, dramatic critic of San Francisco, and Oliver Morosco.

Manuscripts may be sent directly to Mr. Morosco in Los Angeles, or to T. Daniel Frawley, general stage director for Oliver Morosco in New York, at his office in the Long Acre Building.

Frohman's Favorite Books

A New York newspaper lately asked Charles Frohman for the titles of his five favorite books and his reasons. This is what Mr. Frohman wrote:

"I am not altogether certain that the following list will have any significance for anybody except myself; especially because of the reasons I have appended. But you ask me a question and I gladly offer you my best answer."

1. "The Little Minister."

Because it is a great and moving story. It uncovered a great dramatist in a great novelist—J. M. Barrie. From the novel, "The Little Minister," to the play, "The Little Minister," Mr. Barrie so shifted his characters as for all time to mark the difference between story telling and playwriting; and that is that in the novel "yes" means "yes" and in the dramatization of the same novel "yes" means "no."

2. Aristotle's "Poetics" and "Principles of the Drama."

Because it gives sound rules, as to how to write a play; and as I do not believe there are any immutable laws for playwriting, Aristotle's book entertains me. As all subsequent books on playwriting are founded on Aristotle my enjoyment in dipping into each of them as they come along is very keen.

3. "Sherlock Holmes."

Because it illustrates what a wonderful story teller Conan Doyle is and what a remarkable dramatist is William Gillette; because Gillette uses all of Doyle's characters and none of his story.

4. Roland Strong's "Restaurants in Paris."

For reasons too obvious to name.

5. Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer."

Because it depicts so naturally genuine boyhood life and demonstrates to the world one of the world's greatest humorists.

RIVERSIDE PRESS, NEW YORK